

POLICE COMICS



OCTOBER
No. 102

52

BIG FULL WIDTH
PAGES

10c

PLASTIC MAN
TANGLES WITH TROUBLE
In the case of
**THE COLD-BLOODED
COUNTERFEITER!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** paid only a few cents?

to become an

"All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris



Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**

Instead of \$1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body ... plus many other world records!

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

An

"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

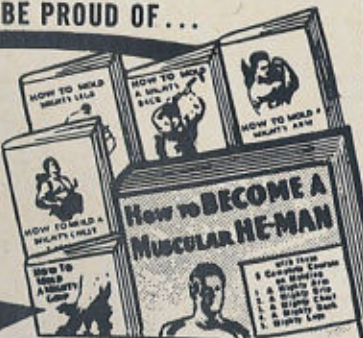
Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST! So get Now My 5 (Valued at \$5 each). Muscle Building Courses. All in 1 great complete volume for only **10c** DO-IT PICTURES! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building.



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 Fifth Ave., Dept Q-010 New York 1, N. Y.

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
Dept. Q-010 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

FREE GIFT COUPON!

DEPT. Q-010

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

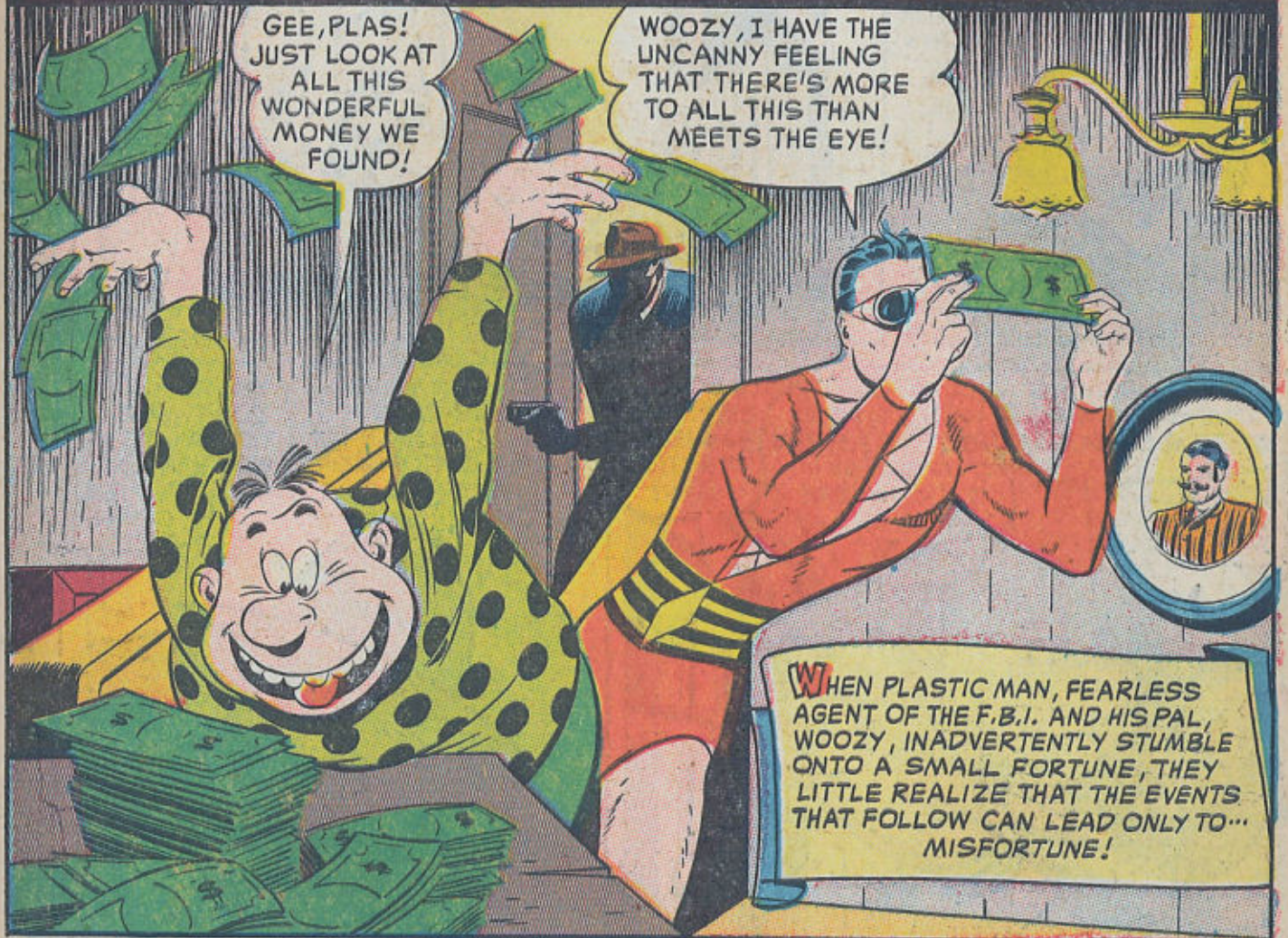
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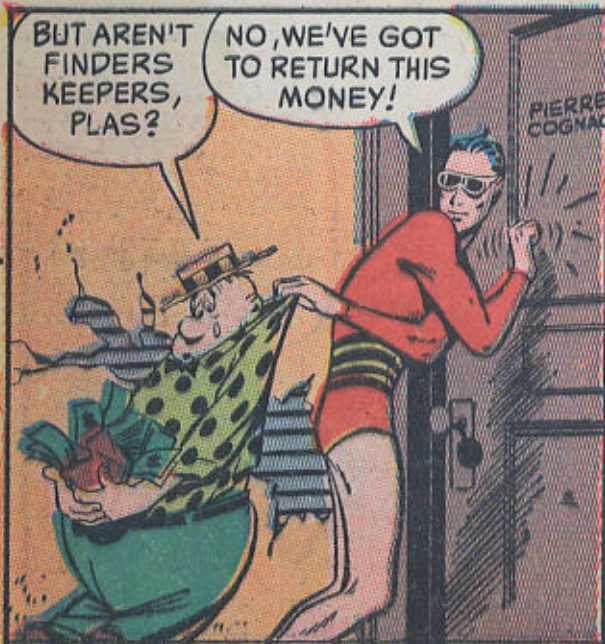
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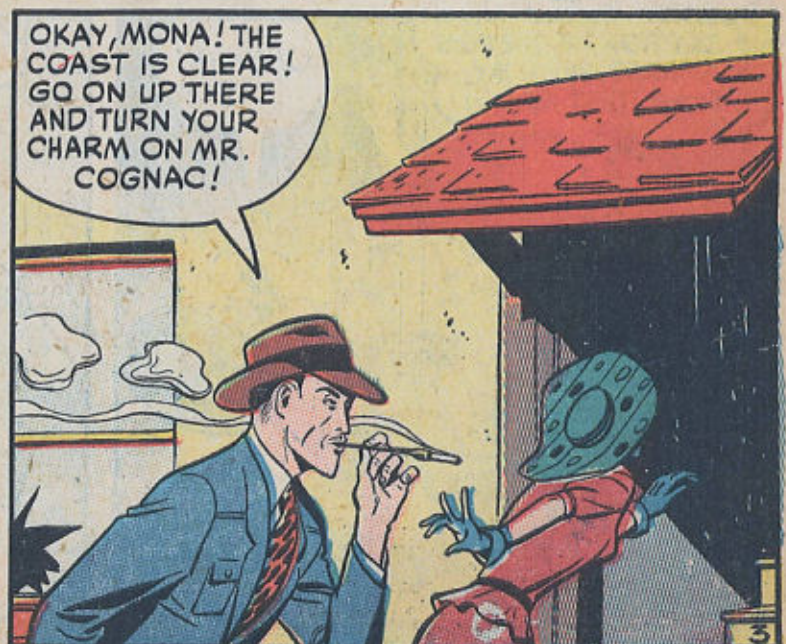
Plastic Man



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OKAY, BRIEF ME ON THE DETAILS AGAIN, SAM! I WANT TO DO THIS JOB RIGHT!

ONE OF MY MOB USED TO KNOW THIS COGNAC GUY YEARS AGO! HE WAS THEN WORKING ON AN ENGRAVING PROCESS TO COUNTERFEIT TEN DOLLAR BILLS!

AND NOW THAT A LOT OF PHONY TENS THAT LOOK ALMOST BETTER THAN THE REAL THING HAVE BEEN FLOATING AROUND TOWN, YOU THINK THAT PIERRE COGNAC IS BEHIND THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT! I WANT THOSE ENGRAVED PLATES AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET THEM FOR ME!



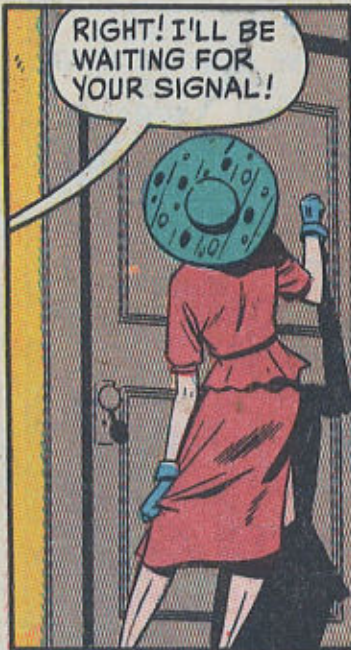
I WENT TO COGNAC AND OFFERED TO BUY THOSE PLATES FROM HIM FOR FIVE GRAND, BUT HE PRETENDED TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEM!

AND THE PLAN NOW IS FOR ME TO BUTTER HIM UP, FIND OUT ABOUT THOSE PLATES AND THEN YOU ARRIVE ON THE SCENE AND TAKE OVER!

RIGHT! I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOUR SIGNAL!

YES, MA'AMSELLE?

I'M LOOKING FOR PATRICK MORIARITY, THE PAINTER!

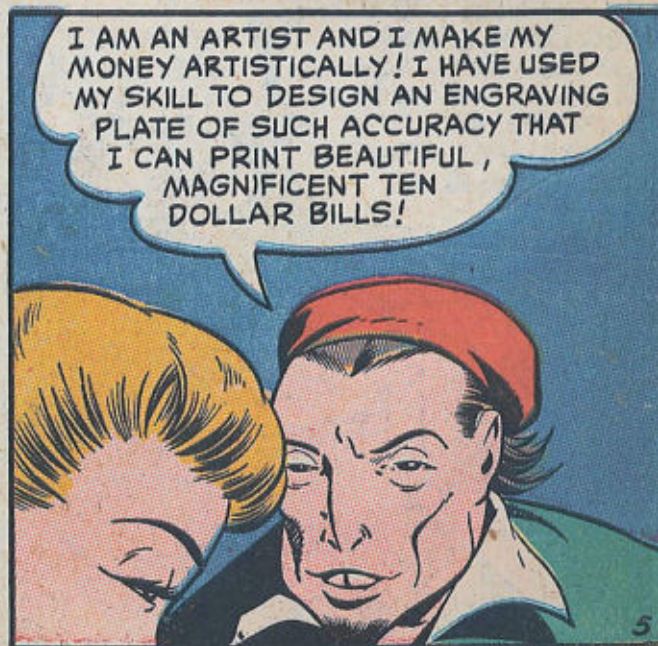
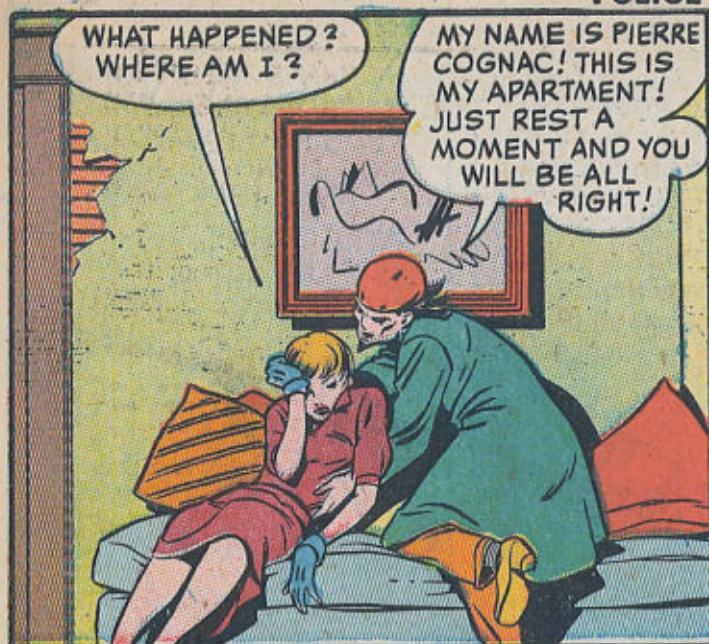


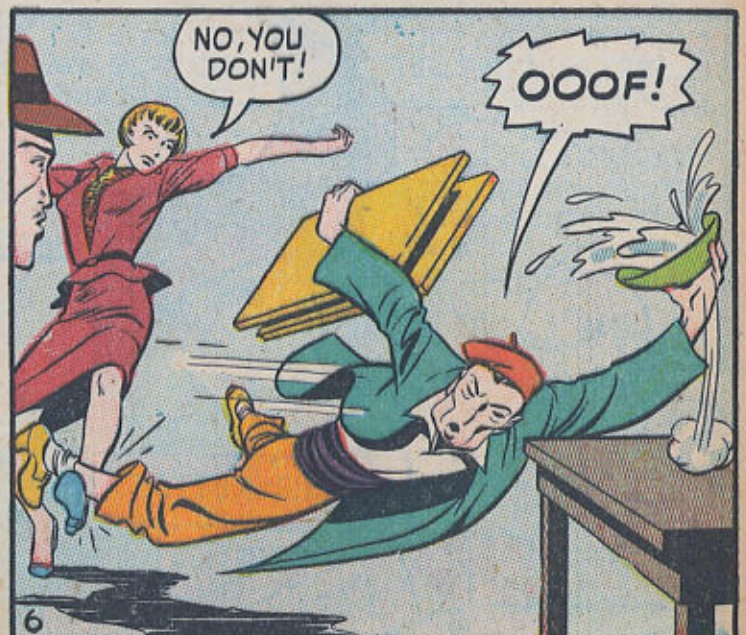
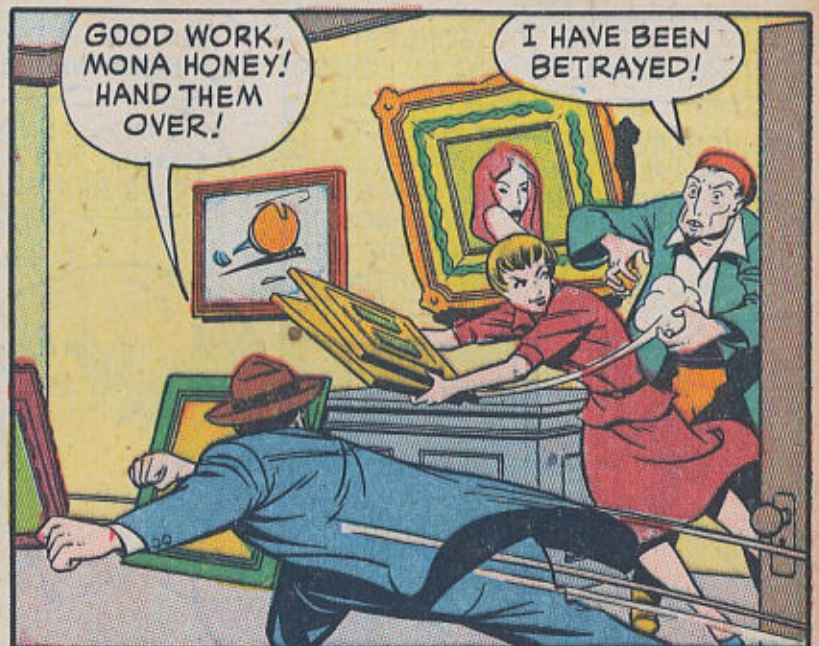
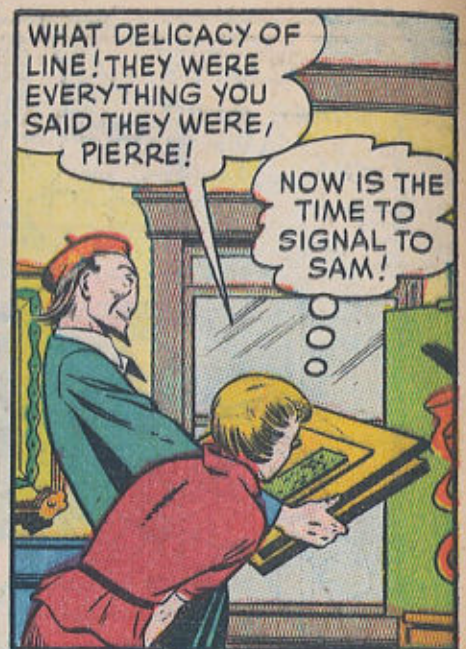
I'M SORRY, THERE'S NO ONE HERE BY THAT NAME!

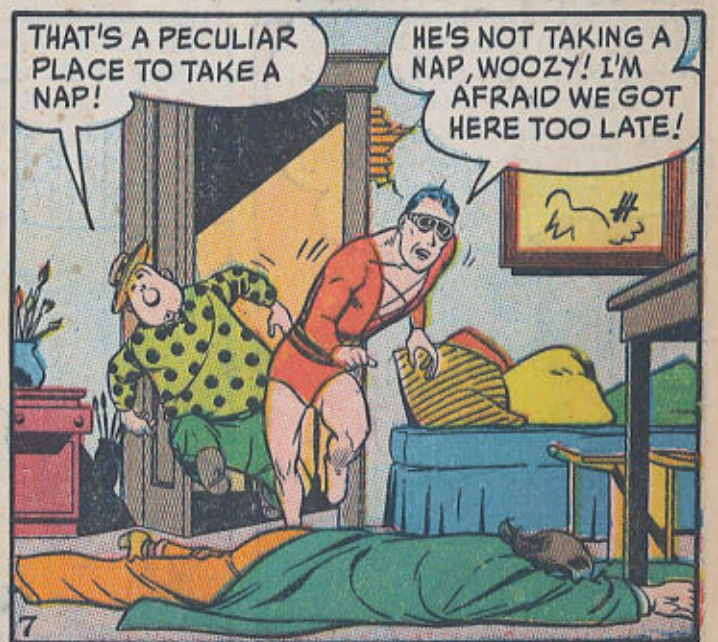
OHHHHH!

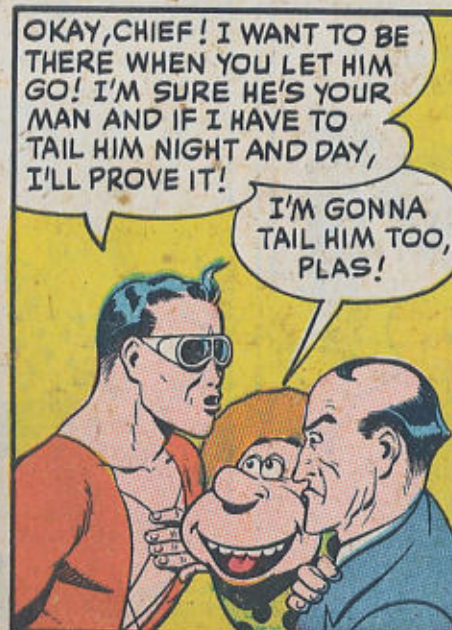
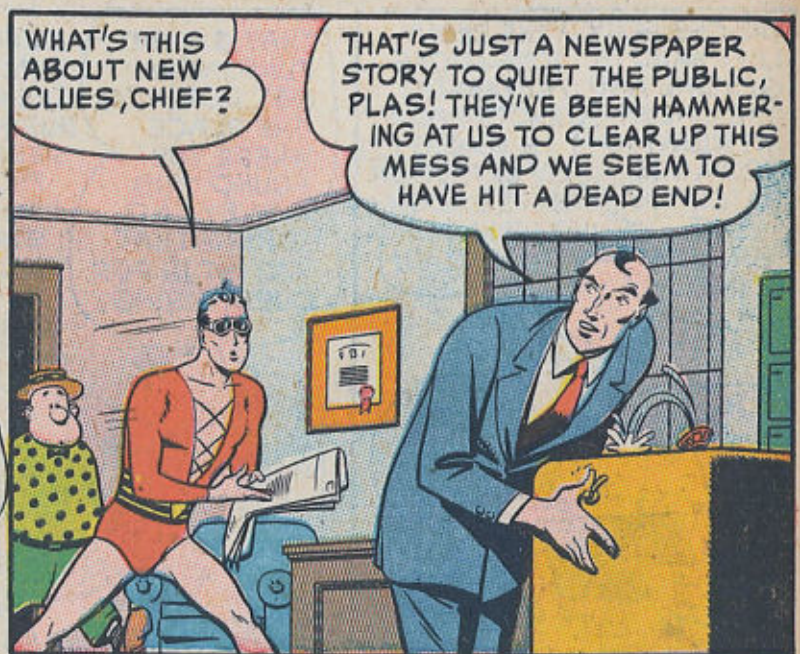
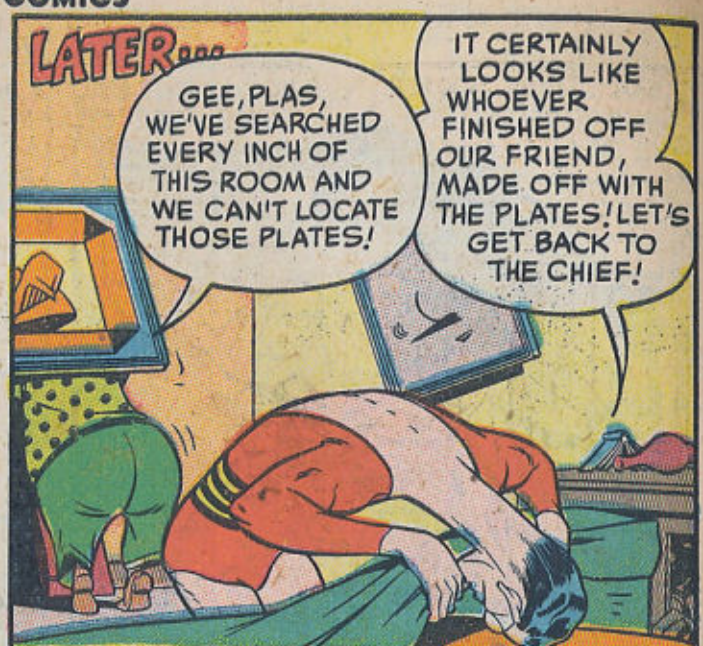
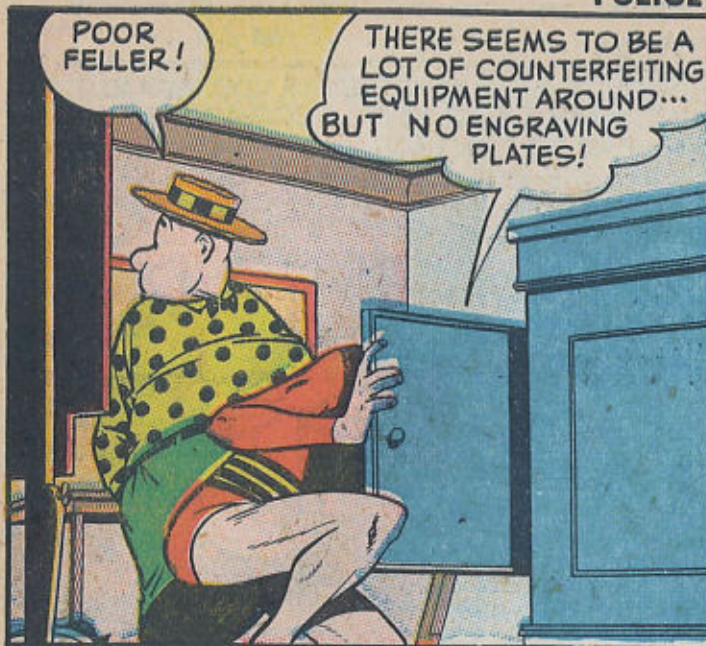
I CANNOT LEAVE HER HERE! I MUST HELP HER!



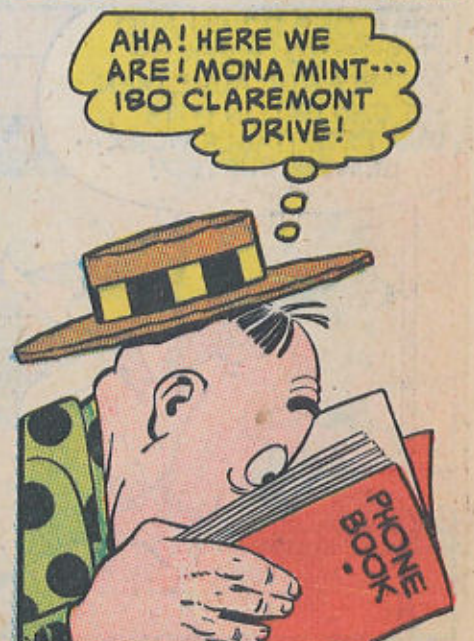
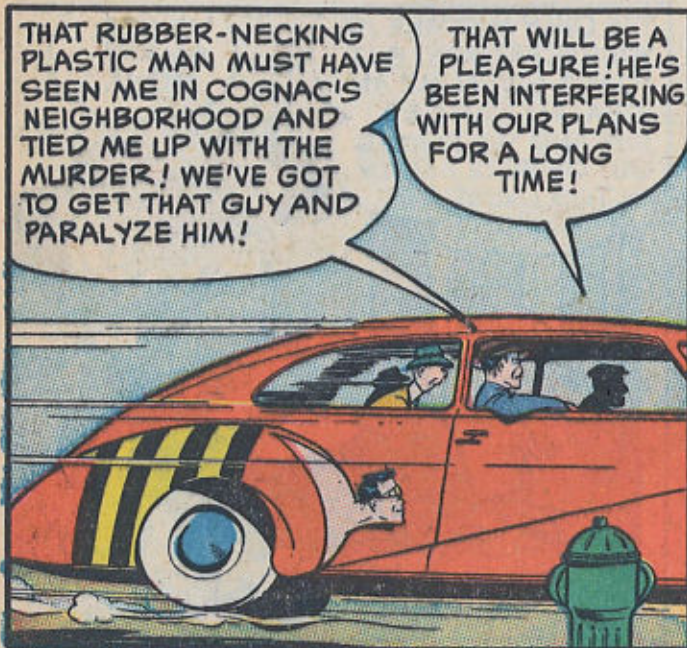
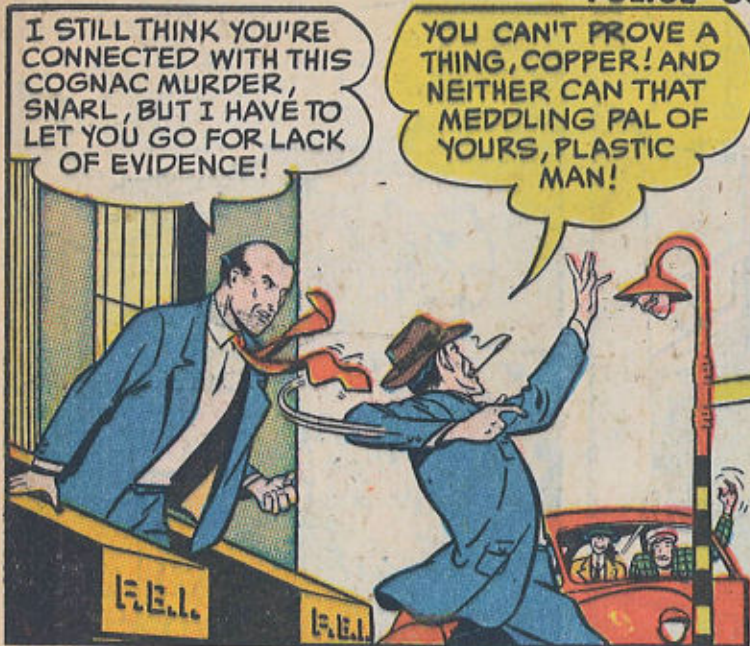




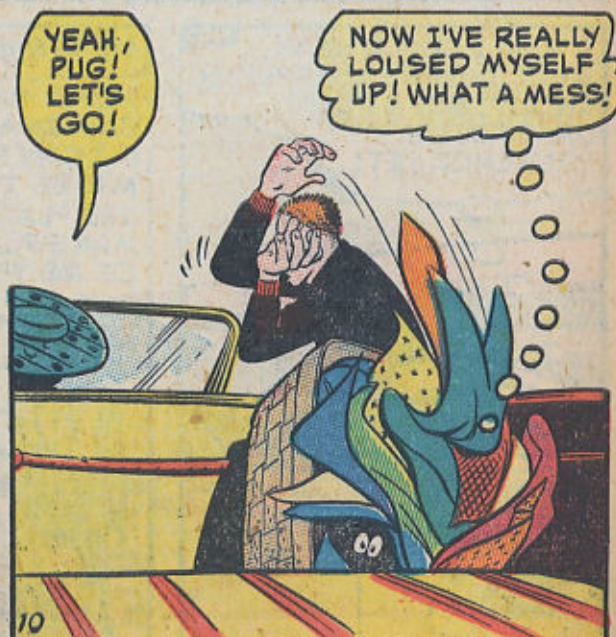
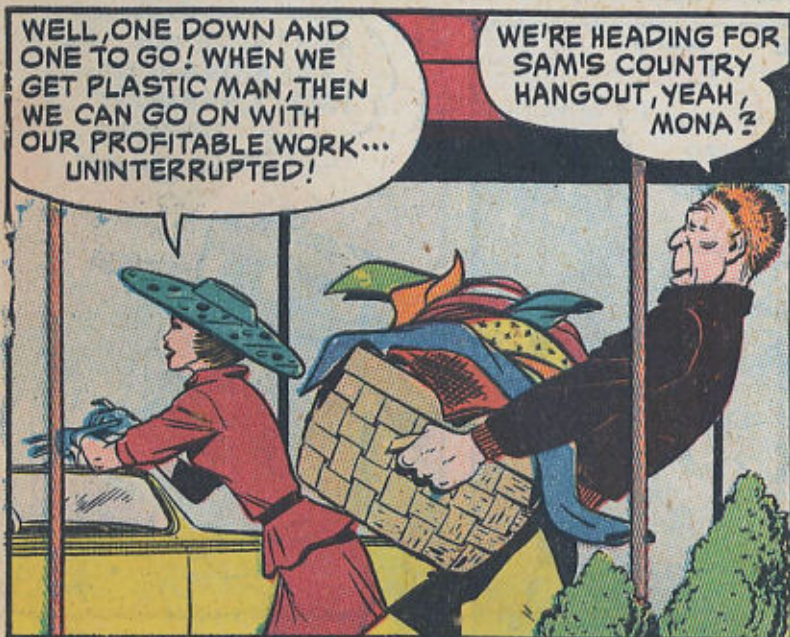




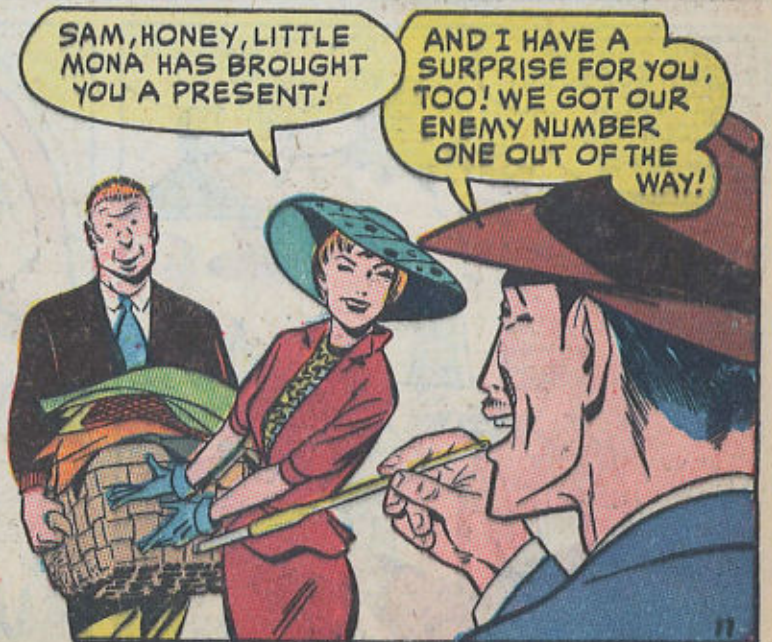
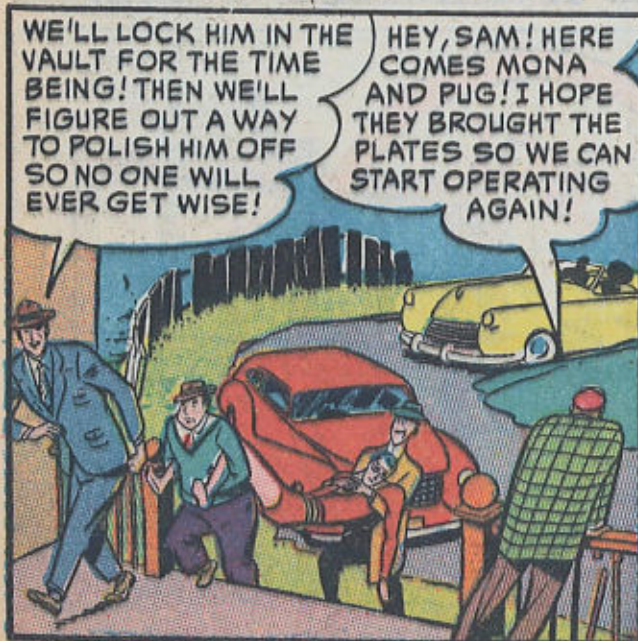
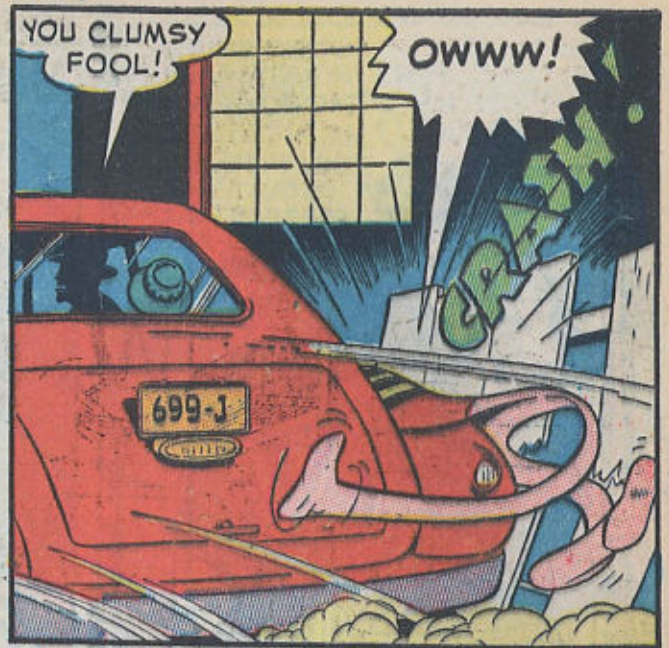
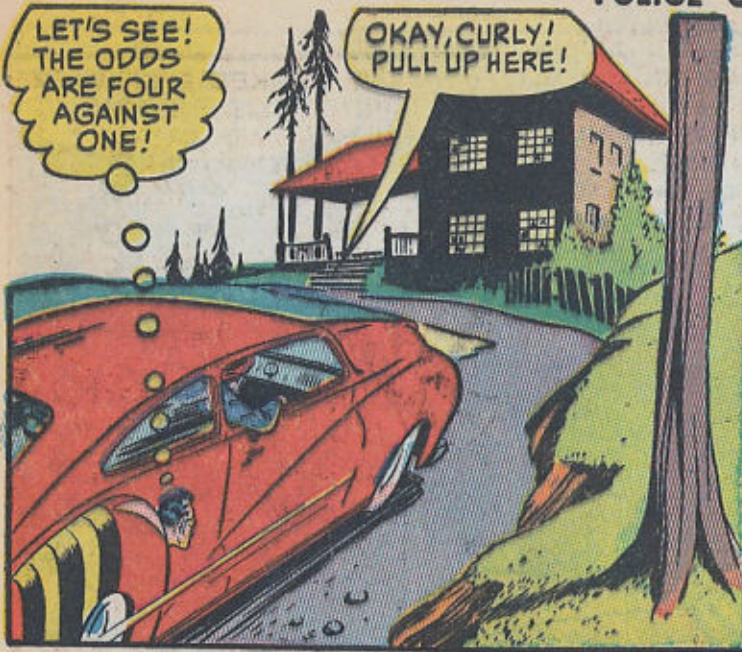
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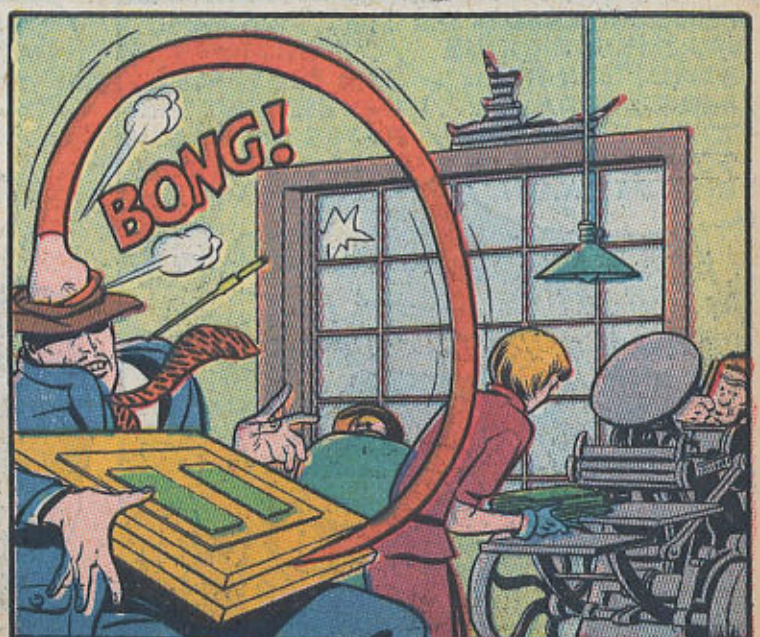
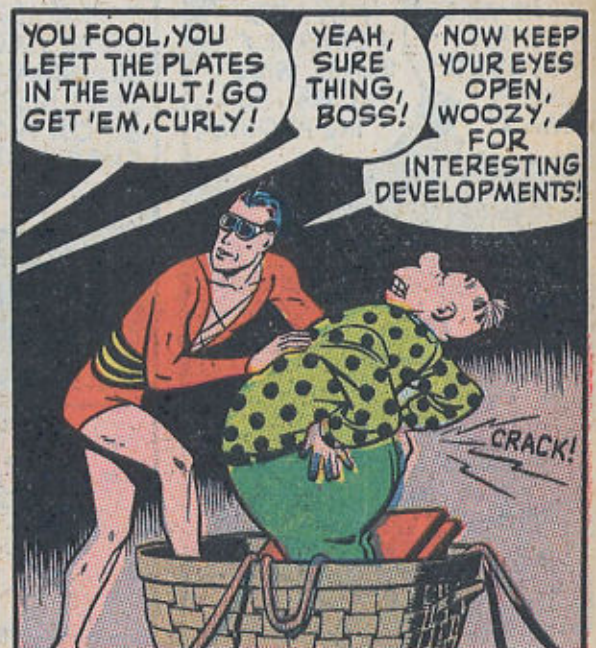
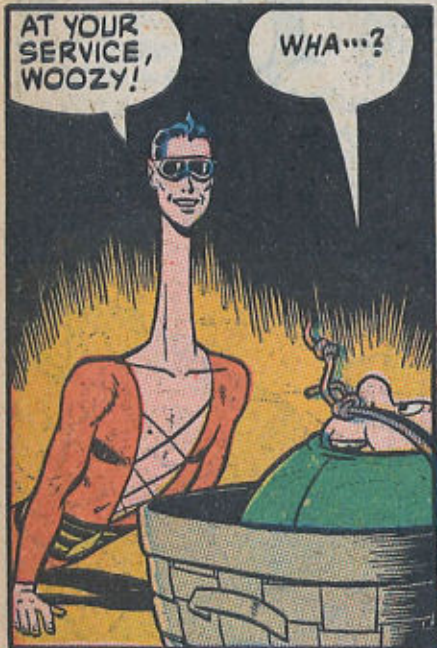
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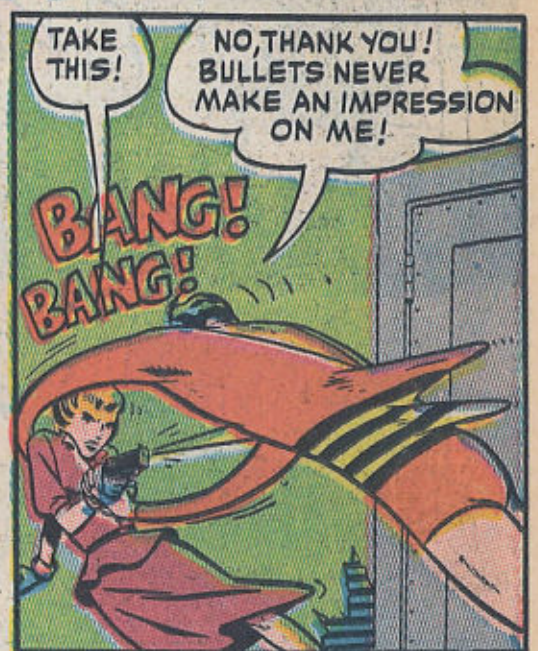
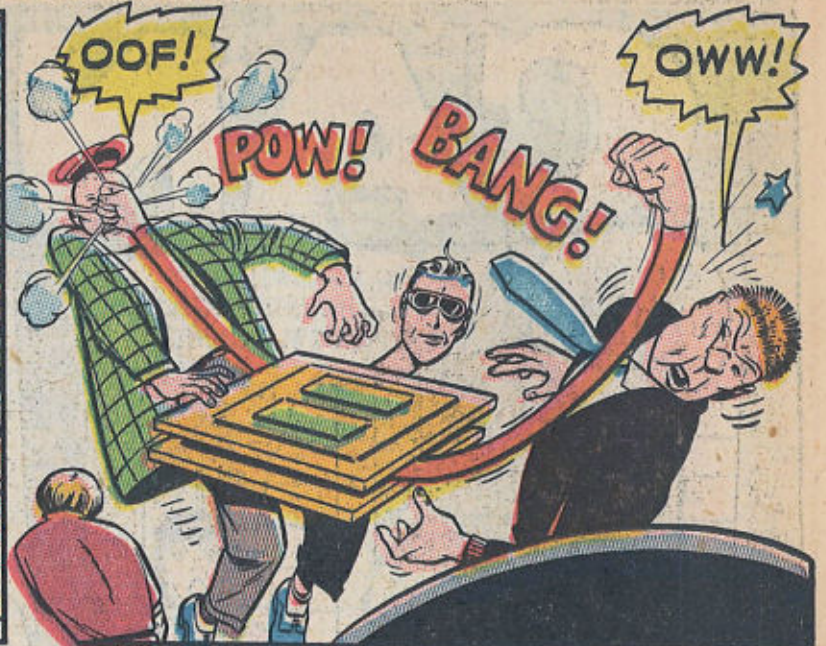
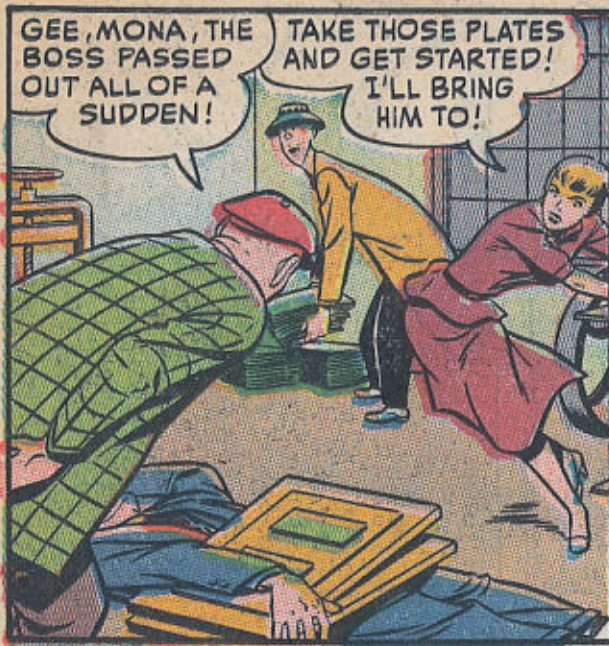
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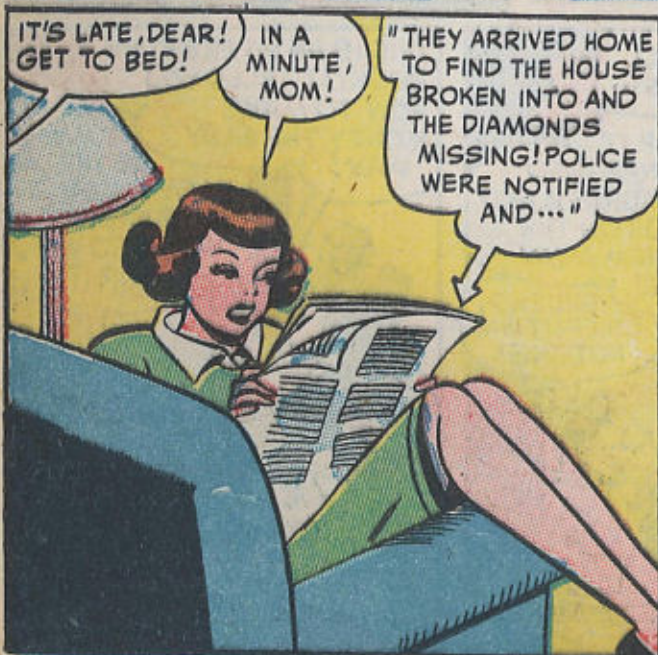
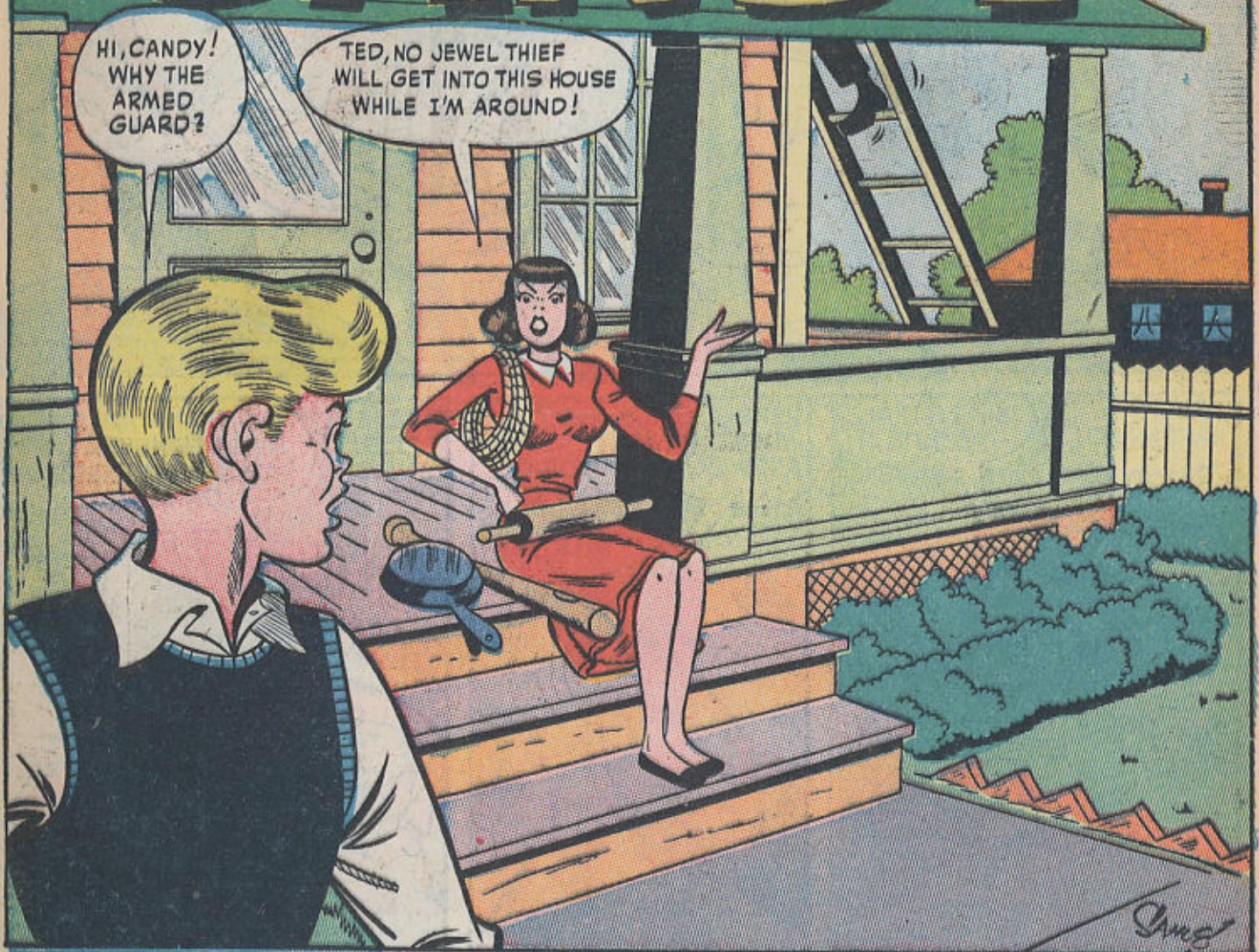
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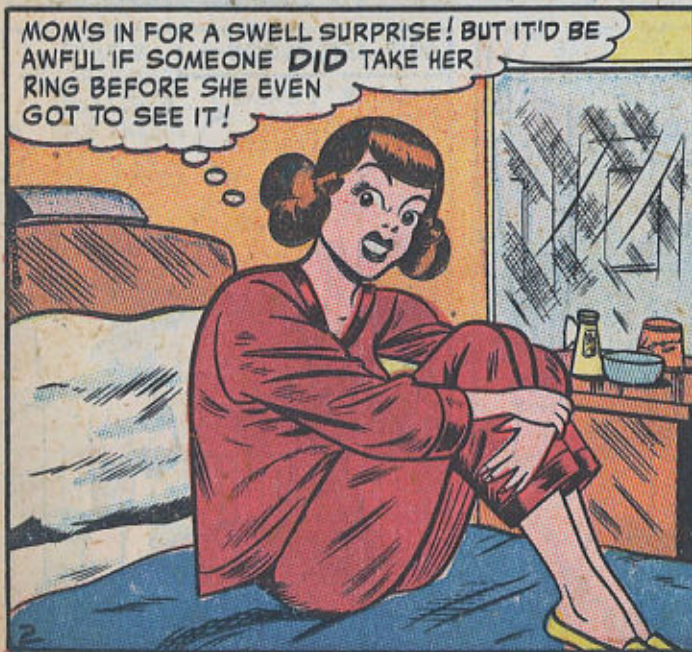
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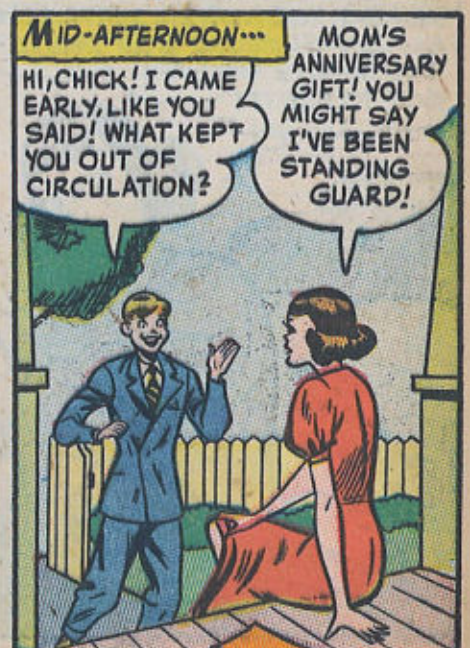
CANDY



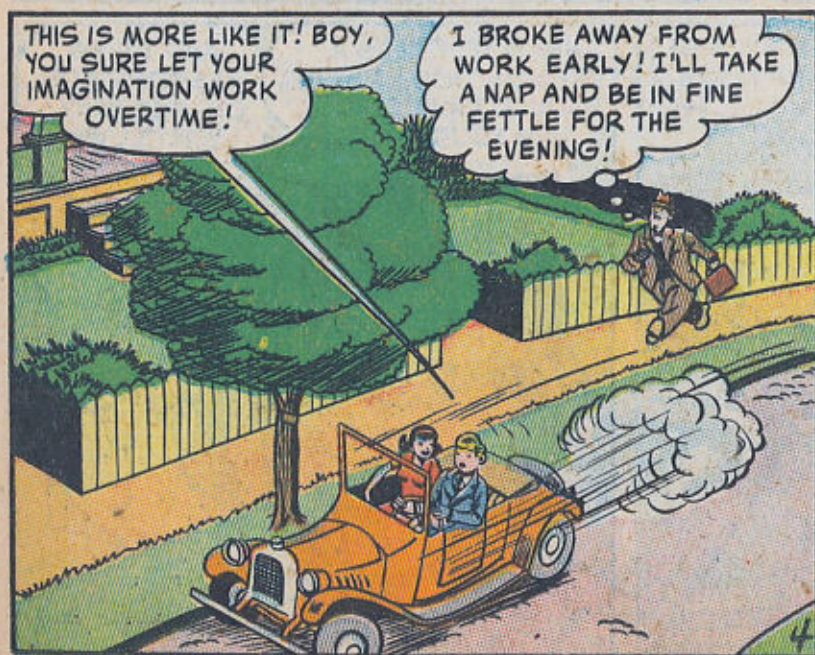
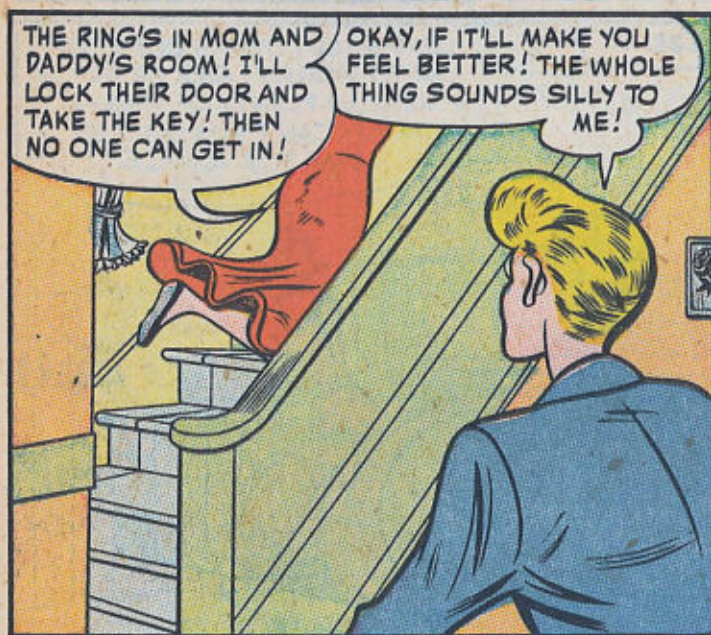
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MY BEDROOM WINDOW IS ALWAYS UNLOCKED! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THIS LADDER AND GET IN THAT WAY!



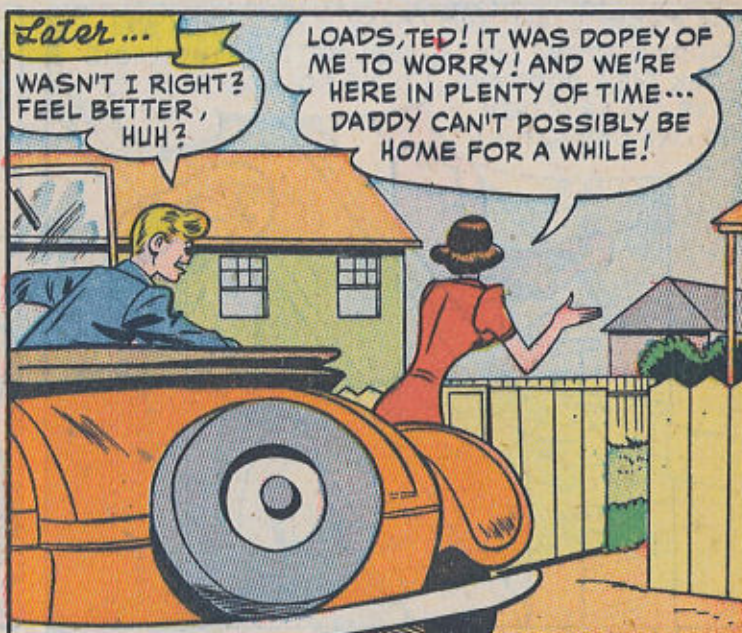
BET THIS LOOKS LOONEY! HOPE NOBODY SEES ME!



MADE IT! NOW I'LL OPEN THIS DOOR AND ---UGH! OOF! DARNED THING'S STUCK! NEVER KNEW THAT TO HAPPEN BEFORE!



GUESS I'LL GIVE UP AND TAKE MY SNOOZE! WHEN CANDY GETS BACK SHE CAN HELP ME OPEN IT! NO USE GOING BACK DOWN THE LADDER!



Later...

WASN'T I RIGHT? FEEL BETTER, HUH?

LOADS, TED! IT WAS DOPEY OF ME TO WORRY! AND WE'RE HERE IN PLENTY OF TIME... DADDY CAN'T POSSIBLY BE HOME FOR A WHILE!



TED, LOOK... A LADDER TO THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW! THE JEWEL THIEF!

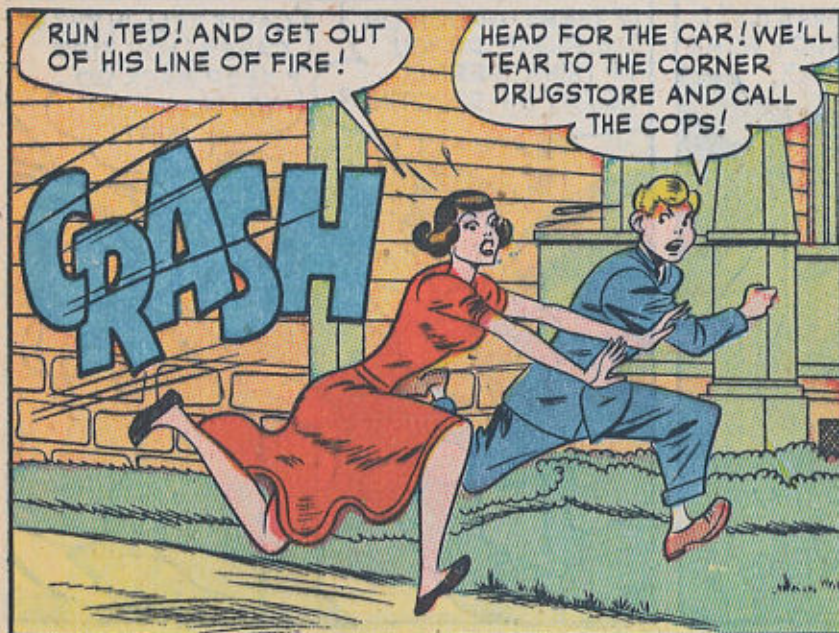
AWK! SUFFERIN' CATS! HE MUST BE UP THERE NOW!



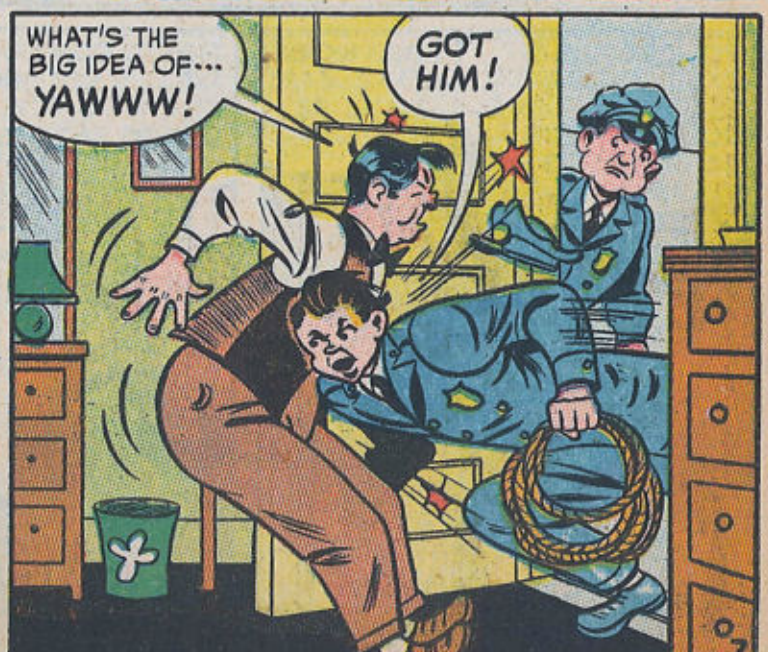
I KNEW IT! IT WAS A PREMONITION! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THIS HOUSE!

AND I WAS RESPONSIBLE! OH, GEE WHIZ! WHAT'LL WE DO?

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THE LENNER CITY JOURNAL
A PAPER FOR PEOPLE WHO
WOULD THINK AHEAD...
THURSDAY OCTOBER 28 1944

A PAPER FOR PEOPLE WHO
WOULD THINK AHEAD...

LENNER CITY THURSDAY OCTOBER 28 1960

FIVE CENTS

THE LENNER CITY JOURNAL
A PAPER FOR PEOPLE WHO
WOULD THINK AHEAD...
LENNER CITY THURSDAY OCTOBER 28 1944
VOLUME IV

LOCAL COP BLOWS TOP!

LAWYER AND CLIENT BEATEN UP ON COURT HOUSE STEPS!

POLICE HERO, HOLDER OF TWO
CITATIONS FOR HEROISM ON
DUTY, SUSPENDED FROM FORCE!
MAY FACE CIVIL AND
CRIMINAL CHARGES!



CLIENT BEATEN UP ON
POLICE HERO, HOLDER OF TWO
CITATIONS FOR HEROISM ON
DUTY, SUSPENDED FROM FORCE!
MAY FACE CIVIL AND
CRIMINAL CHARGES!

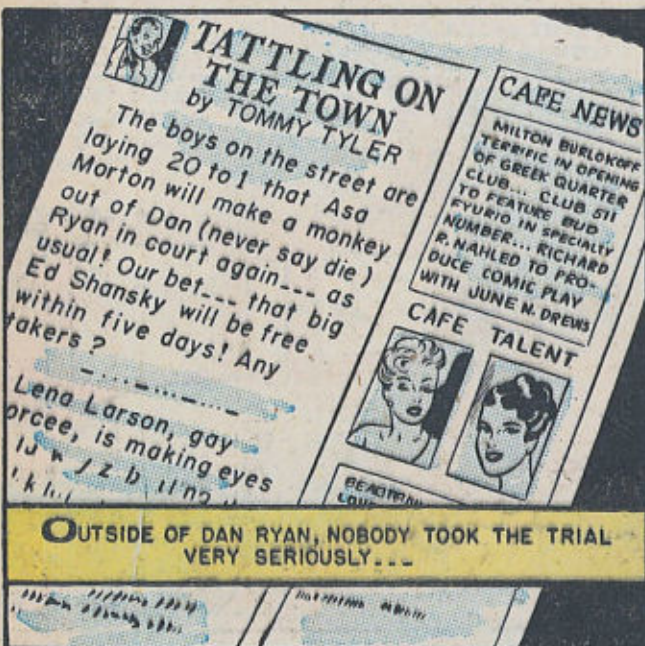
**DUTY, SUSPENSE
MAY FACE CIVIL AND
CRIMINAL CHARGES!**

HOW MUCH CAN A COP TAKE ? HOW MUCH HUMILIATION AND FRUSTRATION AND TREACHERY CAN AN HONEST OFFICER ENDURE BEFORE HIS IRON PATIENCE SNAPS ? RADIO PATROLMAN DAN RYAN SMOULDERED FOR A YEAR WHILE BIG ED SHANSKY AND HIS SHYSTER MOUTHPIECE USED THE LAW AS A TOOL OF CRIME ! THEN ONE DAY HE BLEW UP...AND THE EXPLOSION ROCKED THE TOWN ! HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PRINT, IS THE REAL STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES YOU MAY HAVE READ !

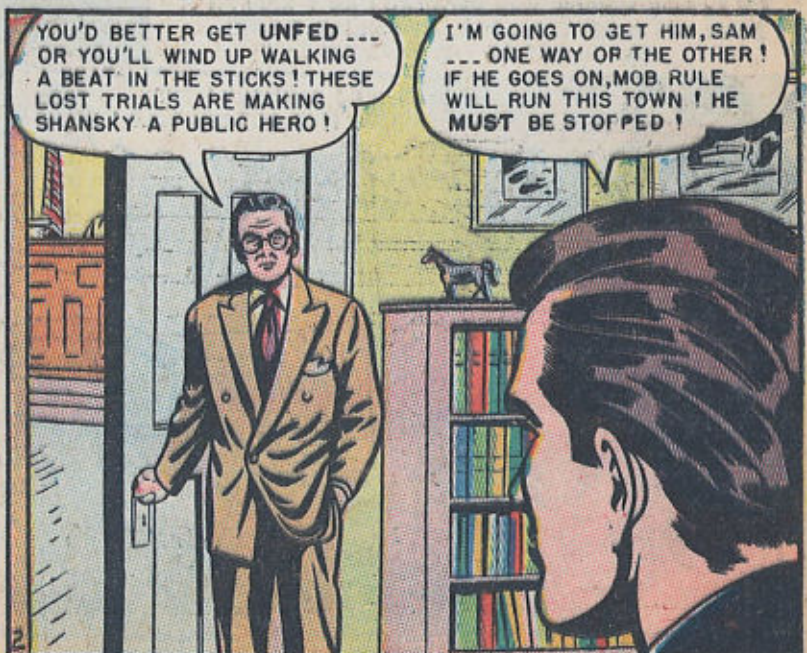
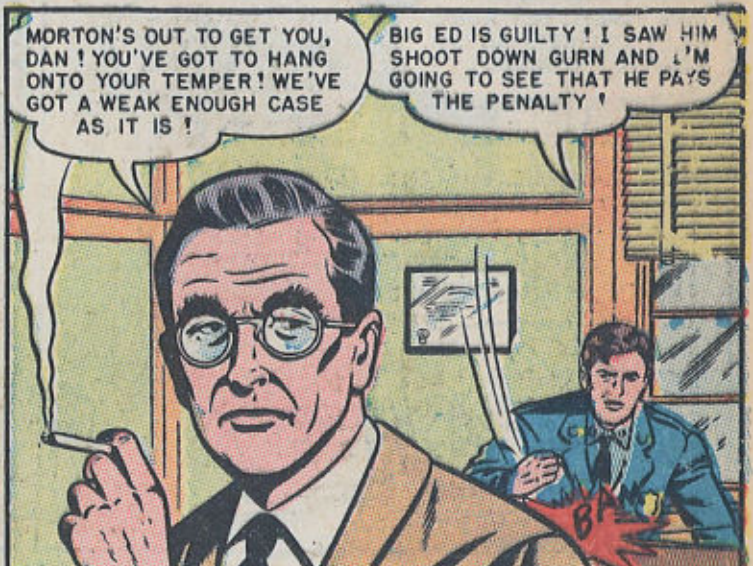


POLICE COMICS

AT TEN O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 17, 1948 .
THE TRIAL OF BIG ED SHANSKY OPENED IN THE LENNER
CITY MUNICIPAL COURTROOM BEFORE JUDGE BRANDT !



EVEN DISTRICT ATTORNEY SAM ATWATER SPOKE HIS DOUBTS DURING A RECESS WHILE A JURY WAS BEING EMPANELLED ...



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IT WAS WEDNESDAY MORNING BEFORE THE TRIAL REALLY GOT UNDER WAY...



"AT 10:15, KENNEDY GOT OUT TO HAVE A SANDWICH AND COFFEE! IT WAS COLD AND BLUSTERY!"

"A MOMENT AFTER BILL WENT INSIDE, I SAW A SEDAN COMING SLOWLY UP WATER STREET!"

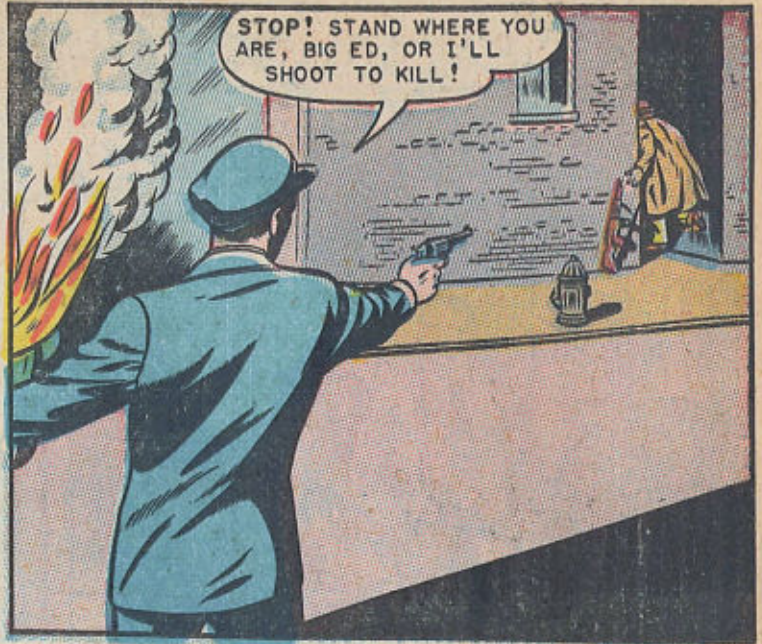
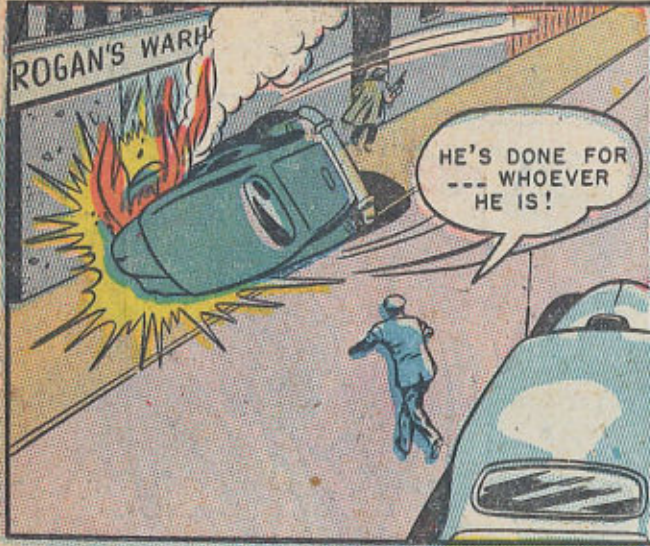


"MY SIDE WINDOW WAS FROSTED! AS I ROLLED IT DOWN FOR A BETTER LOOK, A FAMILIAR FIGURE JUMPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS..."



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"THE CAR TOOK A SPURT FORWARD, JUMPED THE SIDEWALK AND SLAMMED INTO ROGAN'S WAREHOUSE! I SAW FIRE STARTING..."



"THE NOISE BROUGHT KENNEDY RUNNING!"



"I SAW BIG ED RUNNING, TOO FAR AWAY FOR A SHOT! THEN HE DISAPPEARED... BUT I KNEW WHERE HE WAS HEADED..."



"TWO BLOCKS AHEAD WAS THE CLUB WE KNEW WAS ONLY A FRONT FOR BIG ED'S GANG MEETINGS! I TOOK A SHORT-CUT..."



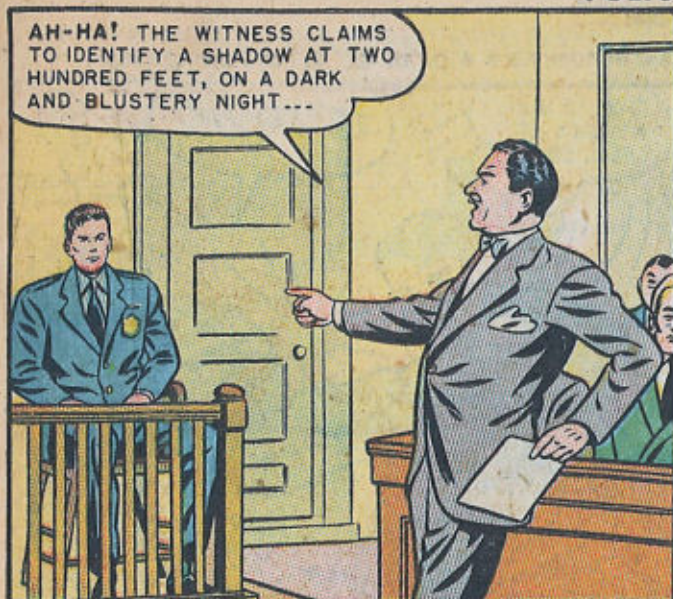
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"NATURALLY, ED'S PALS FELL OVER THEMSELVES TO ALIBI HIM... AS USUAL!"

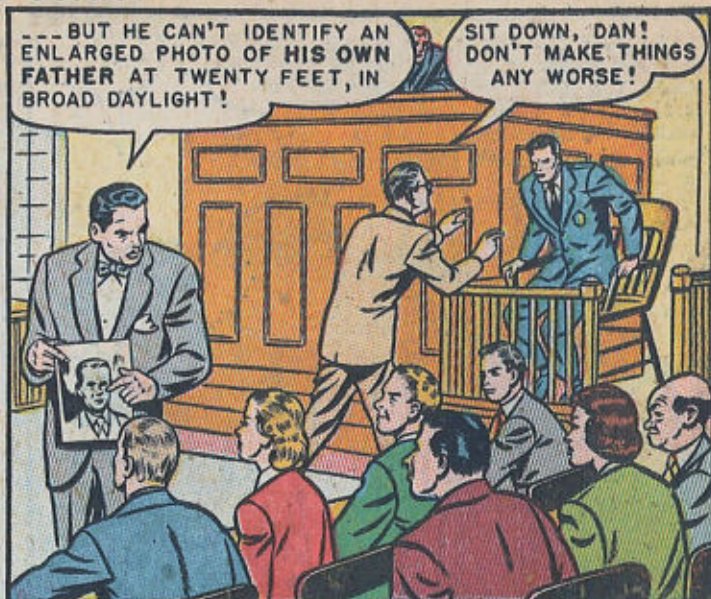
"THEY BROUGHT ED A DARK BLUE HAT AND OVERCOAT..."



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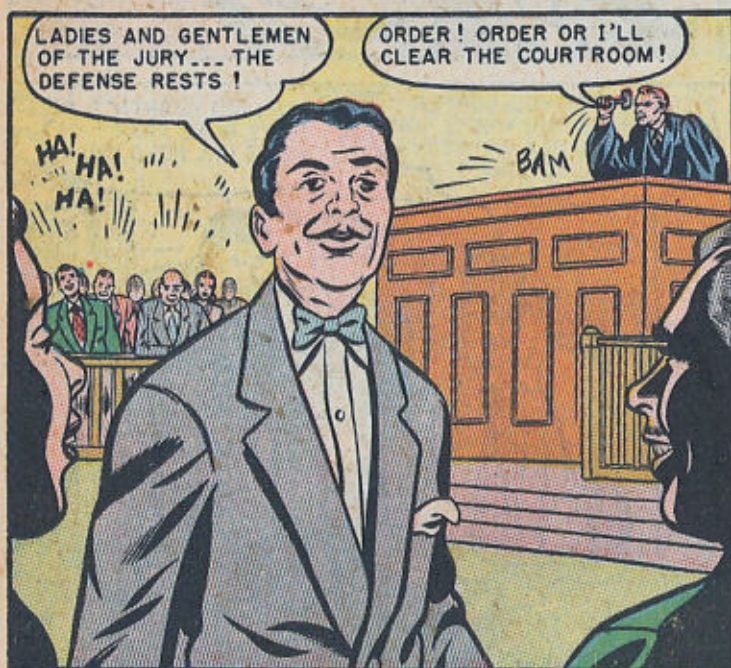


AH-HA! THE WITNESS CLAIMS TO IDENTIFY A SHADOW AT TWO HUNDRED FEET, ON A DARK AND BLUSTERY NIGHT...



... BUT HE CAN'T IDENTIFY AN ENLARGED PHOTO OF HIS OWN FATHER AT TWENTY FEET, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

SIT DOWN, DAN! DON'T MAKE THINGS ANY WORSE!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY... THE DEFENSE RESTS!

ORDER! ORDER OR I'LL CLEAR THE COURTROOM!

HA! HA! HA!

BAM



THE REST OF THE TRIAL WAS ANTICLIMAX! THE VERDICT SURPRISED NOBODY!

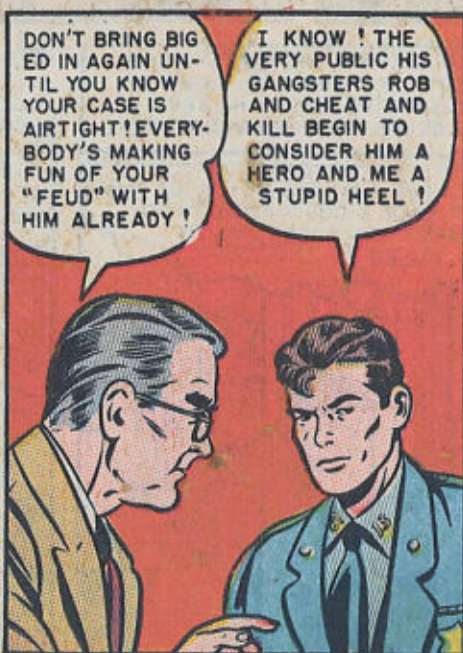
WE FIND THE DEFENDANT... NOT GUILTY!

HE DID IT AGAIN!



THE RAT! HE HELD THAT PHOTO SO THE SUN GLARED ON IT... NOT THAT IT PROVED ANYTHING, ANYHOW!

SURE, IT WAS A CHEAP SHYSTER TRICK, DAN... BUT IT WON HIM THE CASE! AND I HOPE IT TAUGHT YOU SOMETHING...



DON'T BRING BIG ED IN AGAIN UNTIL YOU KNOW YOUR CASE IS AIRTIGHT! EVERYBODY'S MAKING FUN OF YOUR "FEUD" WITH HIM ALREADY!

I KNOW! THE VERY PUBLIC HIS GANGSTERS ROB AND CHEAT AND KILL BEGIN TO CONSIDER HIM A HERO AND ME A STUPID HEEL!



THE TWO OFFICERS LEFT THE COURTHOUSE...

IF THE LAW HADN'T MADE ME GO FOR A SEARCH WARRANT THAT NIGHT, I'D HAVE HAD HIM COLD! IF I WEREN'T A COP...

WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T OFFICER EAGLE-EYE IN PERSON!

POLICE COMICS



WHATEVER ANYONE THOUGHT PRIVATELY, THE LAW HAD IT'S WAY!



BUT LEAVING THE STATION, DAN ACTED ANYTHING BUT GLUM! HE RUSHED HOME WHERE HE KEPT A GUN OF HIS OWN FOR EMERGENCIES...



HE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR BIG ED'S WEST SIDE SOCIAL CLUB!



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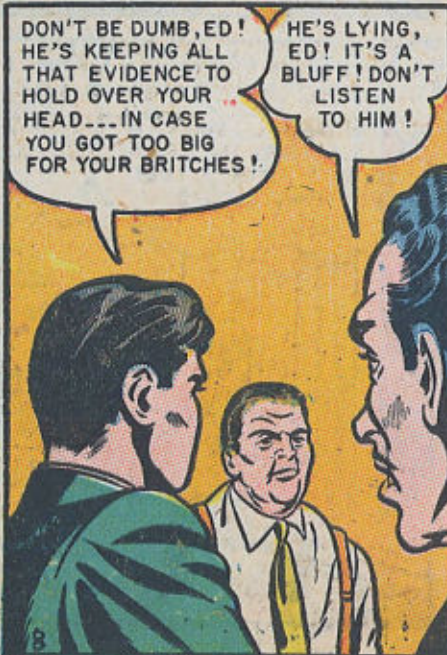


IN THAT INSTANT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, DAN RYAN GUESSED THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN ASA MORTON AND BIG ED!

YOU DON'T GET TO BE A RADIO COP WITHOUT LEARNING TO WATCH EVERYTHING ---



DAN'S MIND WAS CLICKING LIKE A MACHINE NOW... ADDING UP THE BITS AND PIECES! MORTON AND BIG ED WERE UNNERVED!



POLICE COMICS



AND THE OPERA IS TUNEFUL, DELIGHTFUL
... BUT, AFTERWARD !

JEB, I THOUGHT THE
TENOR WAS WONDER-
FUL WHEN...OHOOH!

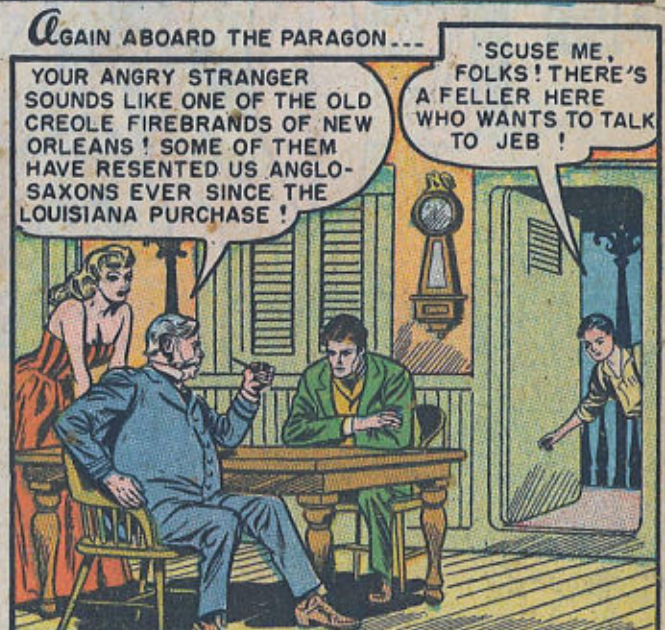
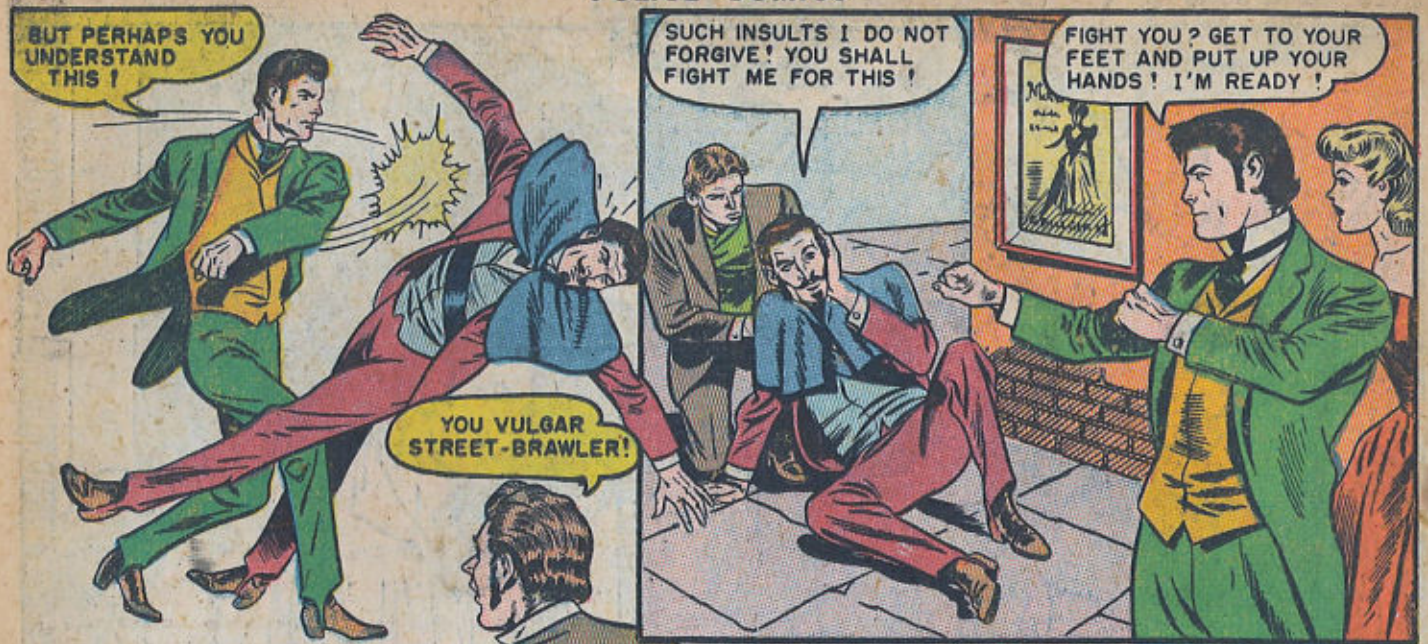
EASY THERE,
SIR ! YOU'RE
JOSTLING THE LADY!

I SPOKE
TO YOU AS A
GENTLEMAN! IT WAS
WASTED BREATH, I
SEE!

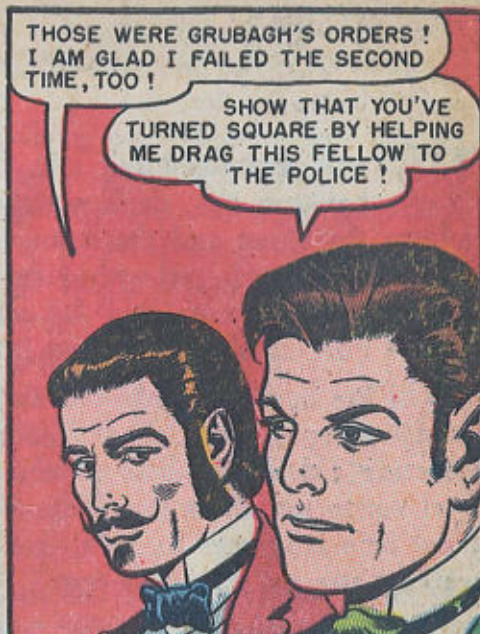
LA BOHEME
TONIGHT
D'ARRING ~
GUIDO DE PASQUALE
SALVATORE
EZIO



POLICE COMICS



POLICE COMICS



TRAP for TRAPPERS

THE pale moonlight fell into the deep canyon between the dark warehouses, dimly lighting the street and the strange fire hydrant that sat at the curb, red with queer stripes. Half a block down the street a fat man in a loud spotted shirt stumbled along on tiptoe.

The fire hydrant shuddered and a faint, disgusted whisper said, "That Woozy Winks! I was sure I'd shaken him off completely when I set out to run down the Trapper Trane mob. Now here he comes trying to act cautious and walking straight into their trap."

The hydrant was, of course, none other than the famous FBI agent, Plastic Man, whose amazing ability to assume the shape of almost any object made him the terror of the underworld. For long hours he had crouched on the curb, imitating a fire hydrant while he waited for the notorious Trapper Trane to show himself. Now his bumbling pal, Woozy, was about to spring the trap and spoil weeks of laborious hunting for clues and leads.

"Hsst!" Plastic Man whispered frantically "Woozy, for the love of mike, clear out of here. Don't look around. Don't give me away. Just beat it as fast as you can."

"Huh?" Woozy barked, staring around wildly. "What was that, Plas? I didn't quite hear you." His voice echoed loudly between the dark warehouses.

Plastic Man muffled a groan of dismay. As he started to whisper again his sharp ears caught the faintest creak of an opening door somewhere nearby. His long vigil might at last be rewarded by a sight of the man he sought. But there stood Woozy. If Plastic Man tried to repeat his words, the unseen crook would surely overhear.

"Scram!" Plastic Man hissed and fell silent.

Woozy jerked his head around frantically. "Plas," he whispered in a hoarse hiss. "Where are you? Answer me, Plastic Man!"

There was a sudden rush of footsteps and a half dozen hardfaced mobsters burst from the shadows to throw themselves upon Woozy. Behind them came the thin, evil figure of Trapper Trane.

Trapper giggled. "Did you hear him yelling for his pal, Plastic Man, boys? That means he was supposed to meet that stretchable stoop down here and Plastic Man forgot to show up. Drag his bewildered pal into the hideout quick."

"Aw, what for?" one of the thugs demanded, idly kicking Woozy in the shins. "We don't want this fat slob. Let's just separate him into a few miscellaneous pieces and sort of scatter him up and down the street as a warning to Plastic Man."

"Dumbhead!" screamed Trapper, bouncing his blackjack playfully off his stooge's head. "With Winks for a hostage, we can make Plastic Man knuckle down to anything we say. Drag him inside and quit making like a mastermind. I'll do the thinking for this mob, stupid."

Squirming and threatening, Woozy was hustled down a dark, damp passageway to the Trapper Trane hideout, cleverly concealed inside a warehouse full of packing cases. The cases had been hollowed out to form a large, sound-proof room that had defied a dozen searches by the police as well as by Plastic Man himself.

Trapper Trane himself came last, dragging a large and heavy, striped red suitcase that he had noticed at the last moment, sitting in the shadows near Woozy Winks. It never occurred to Trapper that the suitcase had not been there before. He took it for granted Woozy had been lugging it so he brought it along.

So Plastic Man, disguised as the suitcase, found himself being taken into the very heart of the secret hideout he had tried so long to penetrate. If Trapper Trane could have noticed the suitcase at that moment, he would have been surprised by a very triumphant smile on it—a matter that would have shocked him deeply. Trapper Trane had seen a great many strange things during his criminal career, but smiling suitcases were definitely not among those wonders.

Woozy, sweating and trembling, was slammed up against the wall while the mobsters cov-

ered him with their guns. Trapper Trane strutted up in front of Woozy.

"Speak up, Fatso," Trapper chirped gaily. "Where were you supposed to meet that plastic pest? We want to know so we can notify him of what is going to happen to you if he doesn't surrender himself to us."

"He wasn't going to meet me," Woozy panted. "I followed one of your mugs down here all by myself. I'm not such a bad detective myself, you know. And stop calling me Fatso, Skinny. I'm merely pleasingly plump. Coming from a bag of bones like you, such names sound pretty silly, if you ask me."

"Nobody's asking you," Trapper howled furiously. "I won't take that kind of talk from any overstuffed lout. Heat him up a little with that blowtorch, boys. We'll make him tell where he planned to meet his elastic pal."

There was a crack and a *whump* as the blowtorch took fire and shot a stream of hissing flame from the nozzle. With a wild yell Woozy broke loose from the clutching hands of the thugs, in a desperate lunge for freedom. For a moment they were all busy grabbing the struggling figure and pinning it once more against the wall.

"Now," shouted Trapper furiously, "I'll show you how it feels to get warmed up the hard way! I'll . . . Eeeeeow!"

That wild, quavering yowl of agony came as the blowtorch somehow mysteriously moved itself around so that the hissing flame licked straight toward Trapper Trane's trousers. No one noticed that the proximity of the red striped suitcase had anything at all to do with the movement.

Howling, cursing, Trapper swung a hard fist at the thug nearest the torch. "You clumsy, dough-headed idiot!" Trapper howled. "I'll teach you to kick that torch around where it burns me. I'll feed that flame to you myself, you numbskull!"

"Yii!" howled the thug. "I didn't do it, Trapper. Honest, I never touched it. I was standin' here when EEEEEHHH!"

Again the blowtorch mysteriously slid an inch or two, so that the blue flame licked toward the thug's exposed ankles. He shot up, screeching, wailing. The sudden movement made him bump into his companion, who stumbled and knocked

Trapper Trane back into line with the flame.

For a few hectic moments the room was a madhouse, with Woozy forgotten as Trapper Trane howled and belabored his yelling thugs who, in turn, swung wild blows at one another in blind rage and pain. During the melee every one of the Trane mob managed to get a dose of the blowtorch on some tender portion of his anatomy and the howls of anguish were heart-rending and terrible.

The mad fracas ended abruptly when a stern and unmistakable voice shouted, "That's enough of this silly busines. You've all had a good sample of what you planned for poor Woozy. Now stand still and take what I've been holding out for you."

The thugs whirled and howled again at the sight of Plastic Man standing grimly where the red suitcase had been only a few moments before. With one accord, the yelling mob made a mad rush for the door, with Traper Trane in the lead.

It was Woozy Winks who stuck out his foot and tripped Trapper. The leader fell on his face and the whole mob crashed down upon him. As they scrambled up, a red arm shot snakily through the pileup and seemed to explode against Trapper Trane's thin, evil face. Trapper's howls of rage and pain suddenly ended as his thin, bony figure went limp.

"I couldn't stand to see him suffer," Plastic Man said, "so I put him out of his misery for a little while. Is anyone else in need of an anaesthetic?"

One of the thugs made the error of grabbing for his gun. The rubbery fist suddenly turned into a blur of pink and red. There were smacks and groans and thuds, and then a silence. Plastic Man looked down at the heap on the floor. "That takes care of them. Shall we leave them in peace while we telephone for the patrol wagon, Woozy? Then you and I have a little visit to make."

A short time later, walking down the street, Plastic Man nudged his fat friend toward a lighted office. "What's in there, Plas?" Woozy demanded. "Where are you taking me?"

"To an ear specialist," Plastic Man said grimly. "Next time I whisper an order to you on the street, I want you to be able to hear it and avoid a lot of mental agony. Come on."



THE SPIRIT

The world's greatest
crime fighter!

POLICE COMICS

POLICE COMMISSIONER
DOLAN
of
CENTRAL CITY!



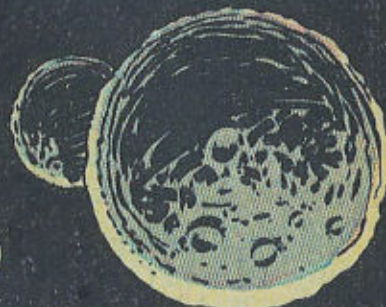
At the turn of the last century, Doctor Ward Wilmore hit upon a new theory of TIME.

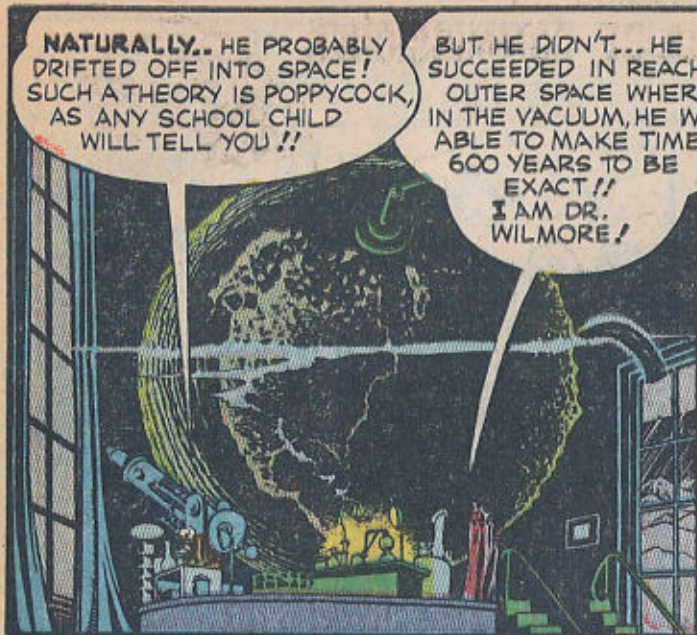
Writing alone in the cold eminence of his gloomy castle, he concluded that TIME was nothing more than another form of matter, a gossamer substance spun about us like a spider's web.

He claimed further that man passed through history as though passing a long series of rooms, and everything that happened yesterday is still there, and all that will happen to us tomorrow exists and is waiting for our arrival.

The revolving Earth, he believed, is the vehicle. If the Earth were to halt for a moment on its axis, we would merely relive the events of yesterday. On the other hand, if the globe were to spin faster, the future would rush upon us like a wave.

To prove his point he built a balloon and set out to explore the future..... Naturally he was never seen or heard from again.





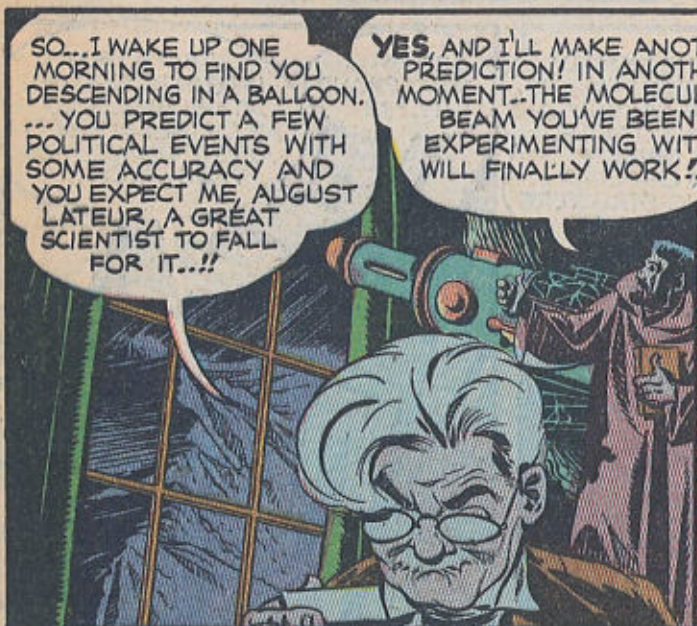
NATURALLY... HE PROBABLY DRIFTED OFF INTO SPACE! SUCH A THEORY IS POPPYCOCK, AS ANY SCHOOL CHILD WILL TELL YOU !!

BUT HE DIDN'T... HE SUCCEEDED IN REACHING OUTER SPACE WHERE, IN THE VACUUM, HE WAS ABLE TO MAKE TIME... 600 YEARS TO BE EXACT !! I AM DR. WILMORE!



YOU WILL HAVE A BLEAK TIME PROVING IT... I ASSURE YOU!

NEVERTHELESS... I AM HERE, AS YOU CAN SEE! AND I'VE BROUGHT ALONG A DIARY OF EVENTS CULLED FROM OLD PAPERS BACK IN, ER, THAT IS, FORWARD IN THE YEAR 2400!

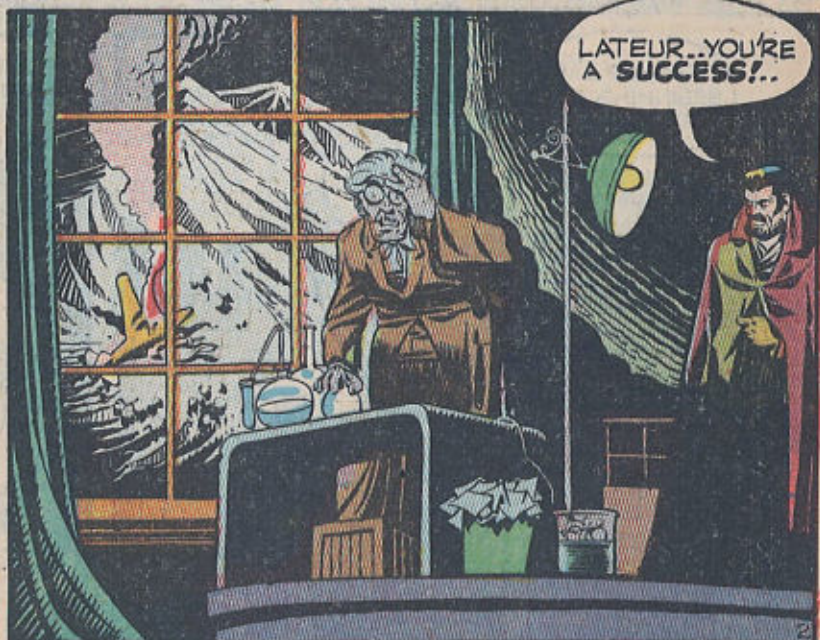
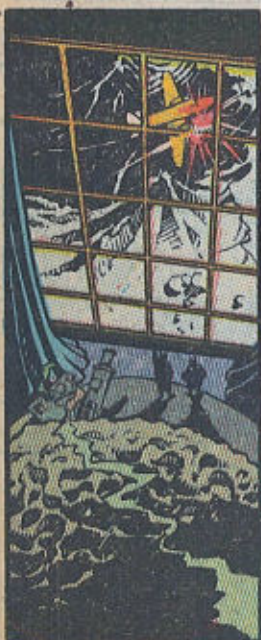


SO... I WAKE UP ONE MORNING TO FIND YOU DESCENDING IN A BALLOON. ... YOU PREDICT A FEW POLITICAL EVENTS WITH SOME ACCURACY AND YOU EXPECT ME, AUGUST LATEUR, A GREAT SCIENTIST TO FALL FOR IT...!!

YES, AND I'LL MAKE ANOTHER PREDICTION! IN ANOTHER MOMENT... THE MOLECULAR BEAM YOU'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH WILL FINALLY WORK!...



AT 11 P.M. TONIGHT... WHICH IS ONE MINUTE FROM NOW... A TRANSCONTINENTAL PLANE FLYING THROUGH THIS ACTIVE FIELD WILL CRASH!!



LATEUR... YOU'RE A SUCCESS!...

POLICE COMICS

Several Days Later... at Police Headquarters

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT WE HAVE NO TRACE OF DR. FLOSS! WHEN THE PLANE WRECK WAS SEARCHED, SHE WAS MISSING!

SHE ??

YES...OUR COLLEAGUE IS DR.SILKEN FLOSS, THE PHYSICIST! WE HAD HOPED TO HEAR HER PAPER ON MOLECULAR ARRANGEMENTS.

WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE PLANE CRASH.. MR. SPIRIT ?

NO ONE KNOWS... THE PLANE SEEMED TO MELT ON THE GROUND..

...WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE POINT... HERE IS A CARBURETOR FROM THE WRECKED PLANE. DO YOU NOTICE SOMETHING ODD?

YES, PART OF IT IS MELTED INTO A STRANGE SORT OF METAL,LIKE **GOLD!**

NOT QUITE **GOLD**.. BUT ANOTHER METAL WHOSE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE HAS **NEVER BEFORE** BEEN KNOWN TO MAN !!!

BUT **THAT** IS WHAT DR.FLOSS HAS BEEN WORKING TOWARD ALL THESE YEARS... **SHE**, AND DR.LATEUR ARE THE ONLY TWO KNOWN SPECIALISTS!

...AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING. ...I BELIEVE SILKEN FLOSS IS ALIVE...I ALSO THINK THAT SOME OUTSIDE FORCE HAD CHANGED THE METALLIC STRUCTURE OF THIS PART AND CAUSED THE CRASH..

BUT WHAT ?? AND WHY ???

...THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT ...AT THE SECLUDED LAB OF DR.LATEUR ON MOUNT OLIVE NEAR THE WRECK.!!

GAD, SIR, I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE YOU!

...TO THINK ON THE EVE OF MY DISCOVERY, A MAN FROM THE FUTURE ARRIVES TO GUIDE ME!

HMM...VERY INFERIOR COOKING! Y'SHOULD TASTE THE STEAKS MADE IN THE 25th CENTURY !!

TELL ME...WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THIS DISCOVERY ...WHAT DID YOUR HISTORY BOOKS SAY ??

OUR HISTORIANS RECORDED THAT **YOU DIED** BEFORE YOUR DISCOVERY COULD BE MADE KNOWN !!!



..DIE..ME??
YOU'RE JOKING..

I'D HARDLY
EMBARK ON
A TRIP THROUGH
TIME FOR A
JOKE! I CAME
TO TAKE THESE
PAPERS INTO THE
FUTURE WITH ME!!

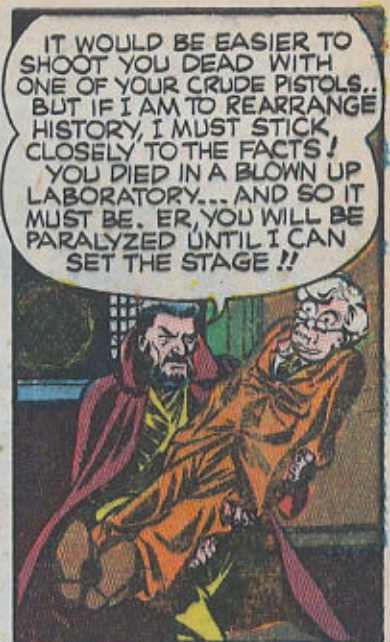


NO.. NEVER!

IF I MUST DIE, AT
LEAST I CAN LEAVE
MY **LIFE'S WORK**
FOR THE BENEFIT
OF PEOPLE **NOW!**



OH, DEAR.. YOU FAIL
TO SEE THE POINT,
LATEUR! IN THE YEAR
2400, IT IS I WHO
WILL GET CREDIT FOR
ITS DISCOVERY!



IT WOULD BE EASIER TO
SHOOT YOU DEAD WITH
ONE OF YOUR CRUDE PISTOLS..
BUT IF I AM TO REARRANGE
HISTORY, I MUST STICK
CLOSELY TO THE FACTS!
YOU DIED IN A BLOWN UP
LABORATORY... AND SO IT
MUST BE. ER, YOU WILL BE
PARALYZED UNTIL I CAN
SET THE STAGE !!



Meanwhile...

THAT MUST BE
LATEUR'S HOUSE.
UGH, WHAT A
PLACE TO LIVE!

HEY!
GET OUT
OF
THAT JEEP
QUICKLY!



A VOICE??
WHO ARE YOU??



IF YOU'RE A GUARD,
Y'NEEDN'T FEAR.. I'M A
FRIEND... **COME OUT..**
SHOW YOURSELF!



DUCK!.. QUICKLY YOU
FOOL! **DUCK** BEHIND
THE ROCK!!



HOLY HANNA!
MELTED THE WHOLE
ENGINE MELTED!



YOU WANDERED INTO AN
AREA OF MOLECULAR
INSTABILITY! I COULDN'T
LET YOU DIE IN
THAT JEEP!

WELL... THAT
SURE WAS
CONSIDERATE
OF YOU,
LADY!

POLICE COMICS



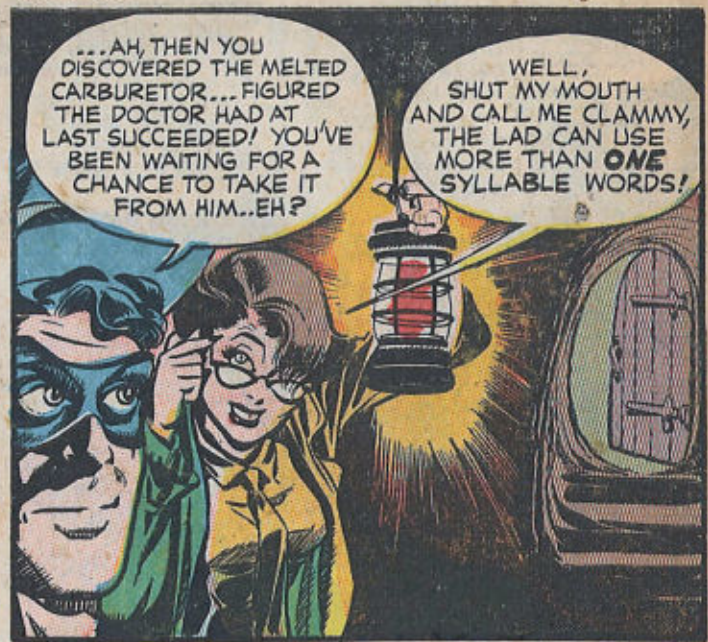
WHO..?

...NAME IS DR SILKEN FLOSS, NUCLEAR PHYSICIST! THIS WAY, PLEASE...



BUT HOW ??

... SURVIVED PLANE CRASH... DISCOVERED THIS TUNNEL TO DR.LATEUR'S LAB... AND TONIGHT IT IS TIME TO VISIT HIM...



...AH, THEN YOU DISCOVERED THE MELTED CARBURETOR... FIGURED THE DOCTOR HAD AT LAST SUCCEEDED! YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO TAKE IT FROM HIM..EH?

WELL, SHUT MY MOUTH AND CALL ME CLAMMY, THE LAD CAN USE MORE THAN **ONE** SYLLABLE WORDS!



...THE TRUTH IS I'VE BEEN SPYING...HOPING TO DISCOVER THE SECRET! Y'SEE, I HAD FAILED IN MY RESEARCH...

SHHH...



HOLD IT...I'VE GOT A QUEER FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED!!



AHA... THE BLOODHOUND! THIS MAN HAS LIMITLESS TALENT!

DOESN'T IT SEEM STRANGE THAT NO ONE ANSWERED THE DOOR??



HELLO!

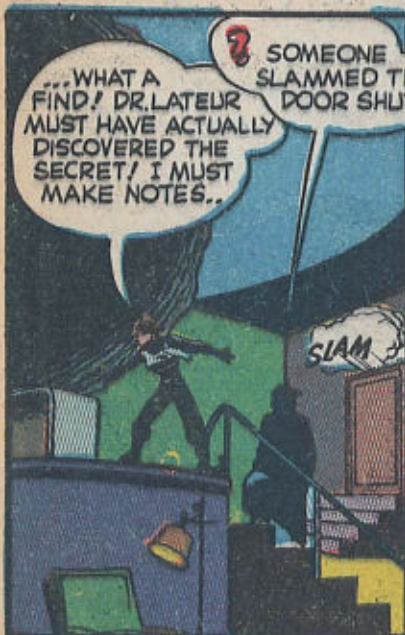
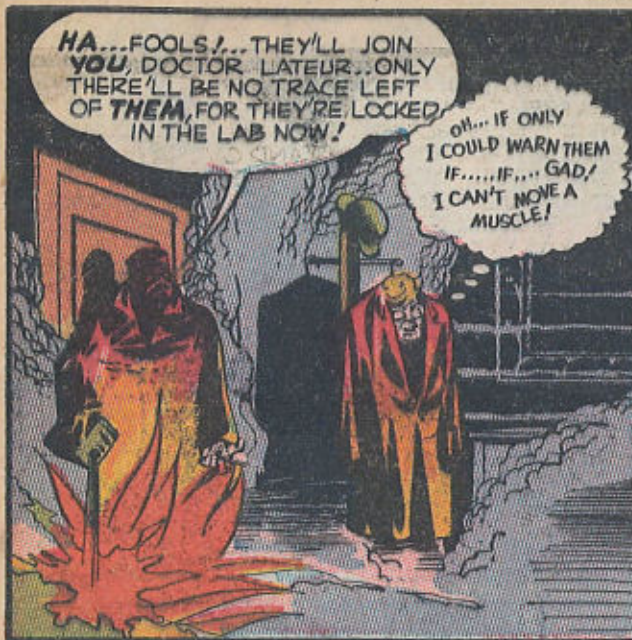


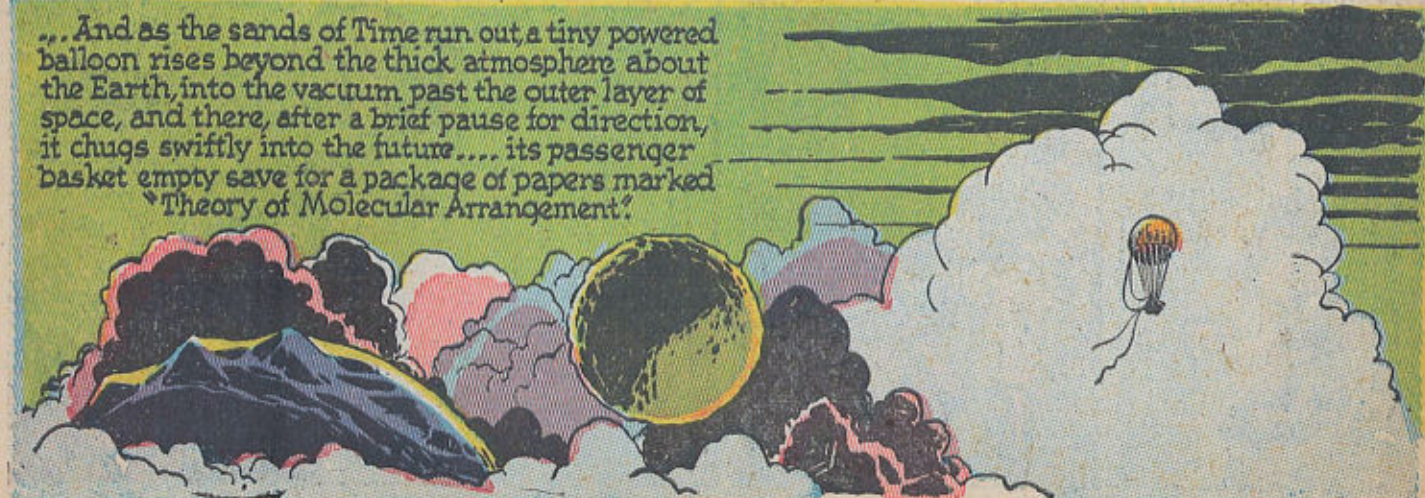
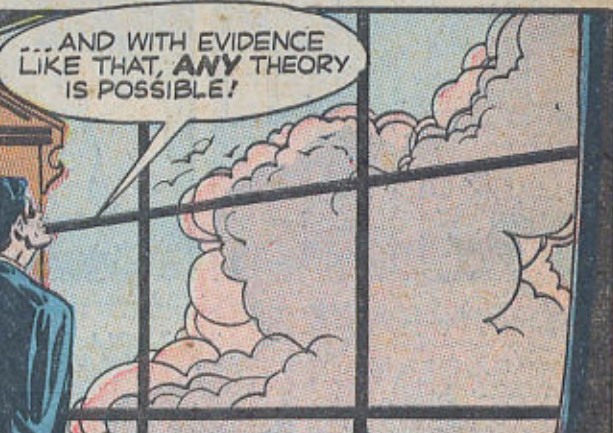
HOW ABOUT THE LABORATORY ???



NOT HERE, EITHER! ...I DON'T LIKE IT ALL! !!!

TSK...TSK...I'LL WAGER YOU WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO BE ABLE TO SPEAK, EH? HEH HEH....





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 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
HIT!

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